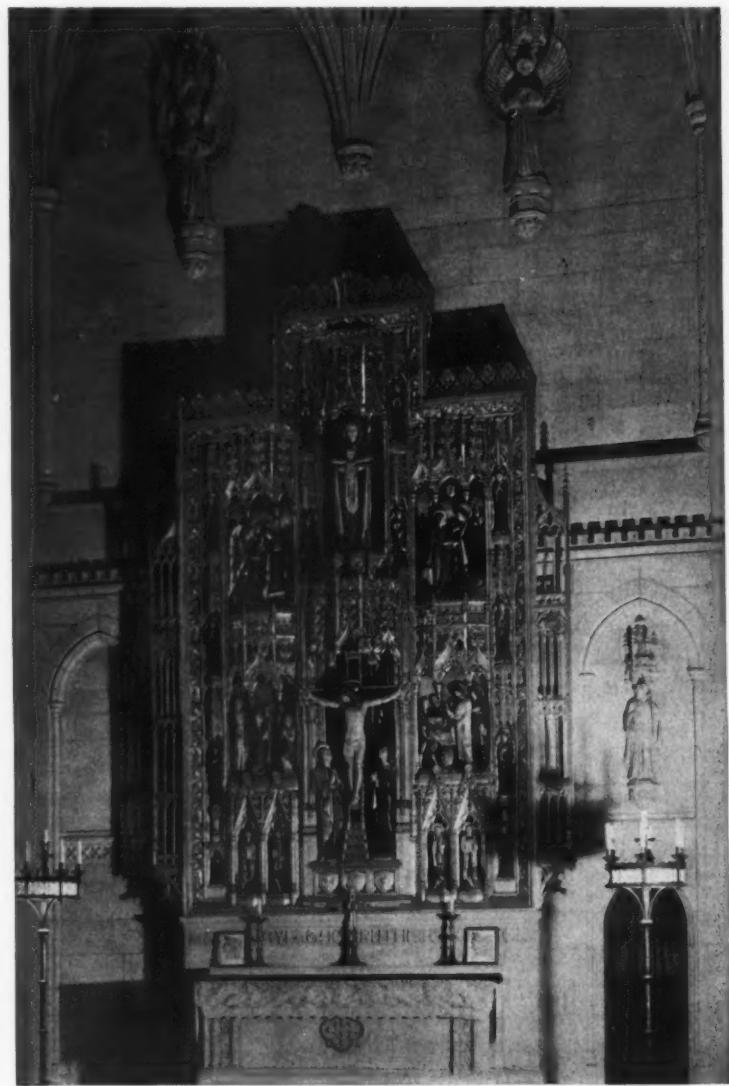


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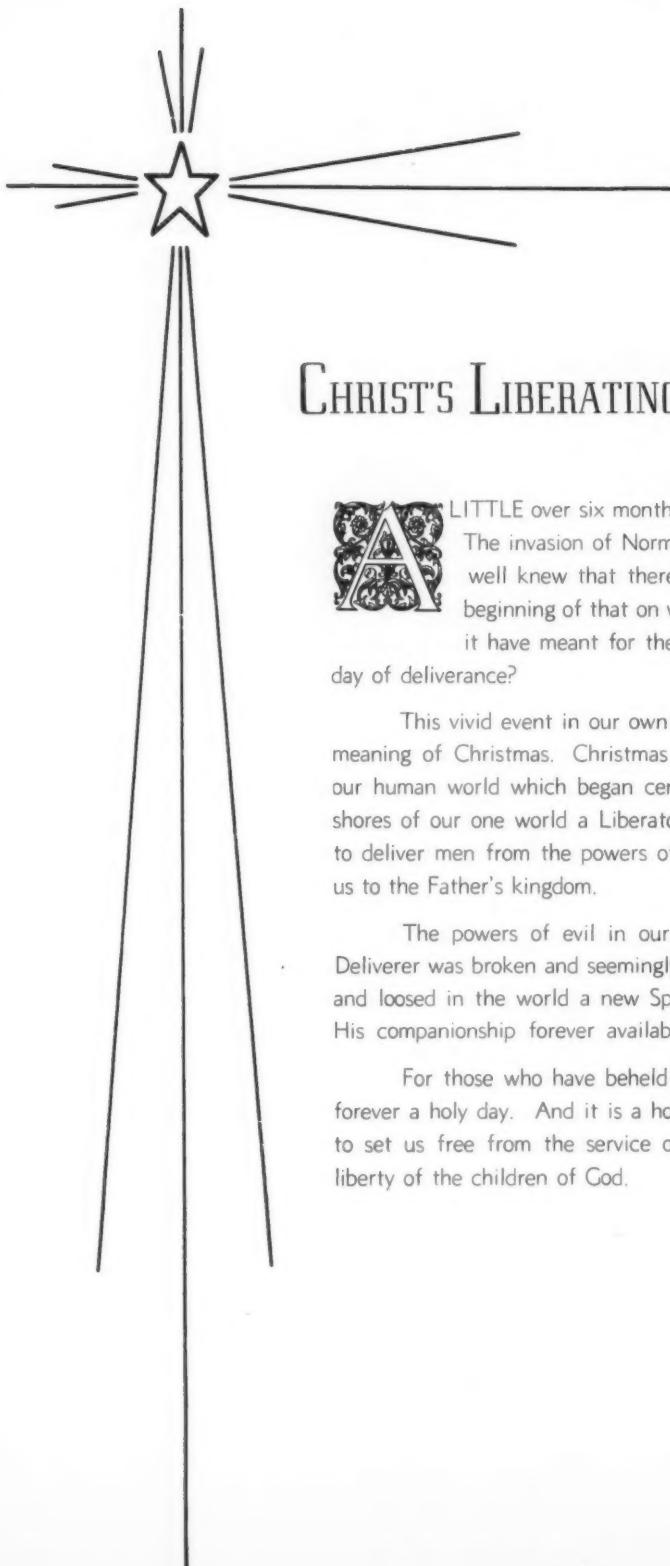
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CHRIST'S LIBERATING INVASION OF OUR WORLD

ALITTLE over six months ago we awoke to news that stirred us deeply. The invasion of Normandy had begun. It was only a beginning; we well knew that there were drastic sacrifices ahead; but it was the beginning of that on which our hearts had been set. And what must it have meant for the oppressed peoples of Europe waiting for their day of deliverance?

This vivid event in our own time may help us to a fresh realization of the meaning of Christmas. Christmas is the celebration of a liberating invasion of our human world which began centuries ago. There landed precariously on the shores of our one world a Liberator. He came, we believe, from God. He came to deliver men from the powers of evil that enslaved them. He came to restore us to the Father's kingdom.

The powers of evil in our world gathered to repel that invasion. The Deliverer was broken and seemingly failed, but in being broken He set others free and loosed in the world a new Spirit. God raised up His broken life and made His companionship forever available.

For those who have beheld His glory, the day of His coming among us is forever a holy day. And it is a holy day whenever He invades our human hearts, to set us free from the service of ourselves, and to restore us to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

ANGUS DUN,
Bishop of Washington.

Col. Thos. M. Spaulding
12-45

The Installation of the Dean

By THE REV. CHARLES W. F. SMITH, *Canon Chancellor*

SELDOM, it would seem, has a minister been the leading figure in two occasions of significance equal to those in which Dr. John Wallace Suter was engaged in one week. On Sunday, October 29th, the Church of the Epiphany was consecrated in New York City, just five years to the day (by both the secular and Church calendars) after its dedication in 1939. When Dr. Suter became Rector of the parish it was worshipping in an old downtown building in a neighborhood which had radically changed. Under his leadership and that of the devoted people he gathered about him, the parish moved to Seventy-fourth Street and York Avenue and the present beautiful—unusually beautiful—church was built.

To one who was present at the Consecration by Bishop Manning,* three things stand out in recollection—the beauty of the building, the fitness and glory of the service, and the warm affection which surrounded the Rector.

The church was designed by Frederic Rhinelander King (with Eugene Mason as consultant) and is a significant example of architectural vision. Gothic has here advanced to meet the modern conception. The lines are clear and strong, the atmosphere open and elevating, and the Chancel filled with a blaze of light from twelve tall and slender lancets in the massive tower which rises, open to its lantern, above the Sanctuary. The color is all focussed at the Altar with its tall and handsome dossal.

The Consecration was conducted with solemnity by Bishop Manning who preached the sermon, stressing the central place the Church of the ages must hold in the present and post-war world. The Presiding Bishop spoke with warmth of the interest of the whole Church and of the way in which the architecture struck the dual note of continuity and adventure. The music was perfect for the occasion and included the organist's (Miss Marguerite Havey) setting of Dr. Suter's hymn, "O Spirit, who from Jesus came."

For this one day the Dean-elect was once more Rector of his Parish. From a litany desk far back in the Nave, as is the Epiphany custom, in the midst of his people he read the intercessions. Later, at luncheon with the Pre-

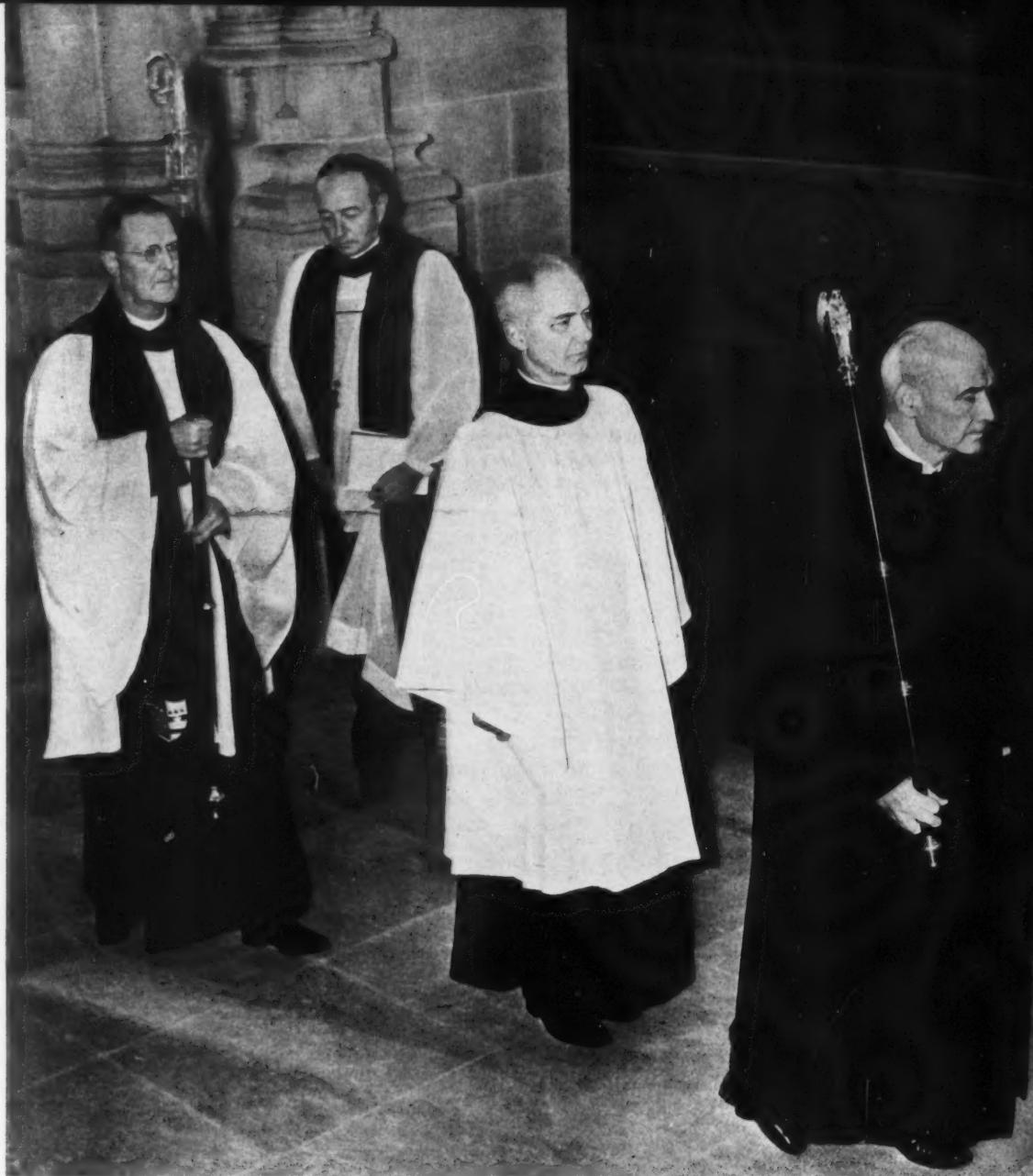
siding Bishop, the Vestry and invited guests, one felt anew the power of the leadership he had exercised and the warmth and sincerity of the devotion in which he was held. Mingled with the sense of loss at his departure there was also a sense of satisfaction in the work to which he was going, and the contribution that his people would make through him to the Church at large and to the national capital.

Against this background the Installation Service was held on the following Wednesday, All Saints' Day. The service had been revised by the Bishop, Dean and Presbytery, to express more fully the unique character of Washington Cathedral, its Charter and revised Constitution. The latter makes the Dean the administrative officer.

Marshalled by Canon Draper, the procession entered the North Transept precisely at four-thirty o'clock to the singing of Vaughan Williams' setting of "For All the Saints." Following the Crucifer, Choir and United States Flag came the Principals of the Cathedral Schools, with Dr. Grace Lindley from the Church School of Epiphany Parish, all in gowns and hoods, followed by representative groups from the National Cathedral School for Girls and St. Albans School. In this section came also Dr. Frederick Reissig, Executive Secretary of the Washington Federation of Churches, and Dean A. B. Potorf of the School of Religion at American University. Behind the Cathedral Banner marched the members of the Cathedral Council and Lay Members of the Chapter. Behind the Episcopal Church Flag came Visiting Clergy, followed by the Diocesan Clergy with the Diocesan Banner.

The Honorary Canons of the Cathedral were followed by the Clerical Members of the Chapter. The Rt. Rev. Spence Burton, Bishop of Nassau, was a welcome addition to this part in the Procession, and the Rev. James Carman, Executive Secretary of the Third Province, was there to represent the Presiding Bishop, who is Honorary Chairman of the Chapter. Then came Mr. James P. Berkeley, the Cathedral Verger, followed by the Dean-elect, vested in cassock, surplice and hood. The Bishop of Washington concluded the Procession, preceded by Canon Lucas who, as Acting Chaplain, carried the Bishop's crozier.

*Canon Smith attended the Consecration of the Church of the Epiphany as representative of the Cathedral Chapter.



The Evening Star, Washington
James P. Berkeley, senior verger, leads the Rev. John Wallace Suter, D.D., Dean-elect, into the solemn service. They are followed by the Rev. Albert H. Lucas, Acting Chaplain to the Bishop, and the Rt. Rev. Angus Dun, Bishop of Washington.

Dr. Suter left the procession as it turned to enter the Choir and took his place at a desk in the Crossing, while the rest of the procession was seated in the Choir and Sanctuary. Mrs. Suter was seated in the Choir, as were the following members of the Dean and Mrs. Suter's family: their son, Sergeant John W. Suter, Jr., and his wife; their daughter and her husband, Mr. Armistead Rood; the Dean's brother and nephew, Mr. Philip H.

Suter of Boston, and Lieutenant P. H. Suter, Jr.; Mrs. William C. Sturgis, mother of Mrs. Suter, and Miss Lucy Sturgis of Boston; and Mrs. Robert B. Rood, of Concord, Mass. The Dean's second son, Sergeant Richard Suter, is on active service in France. From Epiphany Church came Mr. and Mrs. Sumner White, Jr., vestryman; and Miss Marguerite Havey, Organist.

His Excellency, the Earl of Halifax, the British Am-

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bassador, was in his accustomed stall and Mrs. Angus Durn, the wife of the Bishop, in another.

Following the hymn the Bishop from his stall bid the prayers of the congregation for the unity of the whole Church, for the Bishop, Clergy and People of the Diocese, for the Chapter of the Cathedral, and the Dean-elect. This was followed by the reading of the Litany for Ordinations by Canon Draper as Acting Precentor, with the inclusion of a suffrage for the Dean, and the Collect for All Saints' Day.

Then the Psalm, *Laetatus Sum*, sung by pilgrims as they ascended to the Temple at Jerusalem, was chanted while the Chapter procession was formed under the Rood Screen. Canons Wedel and Smith proceeded to the Crossing, led by Mr. Berkeley, and escorted the Dean, preceded by the Chapter, to the entrance to the Sanctuary, where the Bishop was standing, crozier in hand. Here Mr. Corcoran Thom, Treasurer and Senior Lay Member of the Chapter, presented the Dean to the Bishop as duly nominated in accord with the provisions of the Chapter Constitution. The Bishop then demanded the reading of the Certificate of Election, which was presented by Mr. C. F. R. Ogilby, Secretary of the Chapter. The Clergy of the Chapter were then asked whether the Presbytery deemed the candidate a proper person to occupy the office, and Canons Wedel, Smith and Warner in unison voiced the endorsement, and welcomed Dr. Suter into the fellowship of the Cathedral Presbytery.

The Bishop then handed to the Dean-elect a copy of the Charter and Constitution of the Cathedral Foundation, requiring conformity to the same. The Dean, speaking for the first time in the service, his hand resting upon the Gospels, took his Oath of Office in a clear and confident voice. He undertook to observe the Constitution, to promote the good works of the Church and Diocese, and to "spare no effort to maintain this Cathedral as a House of Prayer for All People, for ever open and free, welcoming all who enter its doors to worship in spirit and in truth." The Oath concluded with the following words:

"I will seek to make this Cathedral a witness to our common life in Christ, a place where all may receive the faithful administration of God's Holy Word and Sacraments.

"I will diligently seek to promote truth, unity, and concord, as in this City and Nation, so also in the whole Christian Church throughout the world.

"Finally, I will endeavor to order myself in lowliness, patience, and love, and to persuade others to the same;

the Lord being my helper. Amen."

This done, Canons Wedel and Smith vested the Dean with a tippet, bearing on each end the seal of the Cathedral, the gift of the Bishop and Presbytery.

The Procession was then formed for the Installation. The Honorary Canons came from their stalls to face the Dean's stall, and the Chapter stood in line immediately in front of the stall. The Canons escorted the Dean to his seat and the Bishop took Dr. Suter's right hand and read the words of institution, as the Dean stood for the first time in his official place. The words of institution expressed clearly the new position granted to the Dean by the revision of the Constitution, and the Bishop said, "I charge you, the chief administrative officer of the Cathedral Church, duly to observe and keep its Constitution, statutes, and customs . . ." Thereupon the Dean was seated in his stall with the words, "We install you, Very Reverend Brother, into the place appointed for your office in this Church. The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth for evermore. Amen." (The title "Very Reverend" applied to the Dean here for the first time in the service.)

While the Chapter and Clergy returned to their places the Choir sang the ancient prayer of St. Richard of Chichester, "Of Thee three things I pray," from the 1940 Hymnal.

Then followed perhaps the most impressive moment in the ceremony, when in complete silence the Dean was allowed to pray secretly. The pause was broken by the first prayer of the Dean from his stall in the words of the newly instituted Minister's prayer from the Office of Institution in the Prayer Book.

The next prayer was one of recollection for departed friends, founders and benefactors of the Cathedral and for Bishops, Deans, Canons and other Ministers, mentioning by name Deans Bratenahl and Phillips. After the prayers and the Whittier hymn, "All Things are Thine," the Bishop preached the Installation Sermon which dwelt upon the unique nature of Washington Cathedral, its great possibilities, and the vision of its great future. The sermon is printed elsewhere in full.

After the sermon the Bishop and the Cathedral Canons, with the Dean, returned to the Sanctuary during the singing of "Jubilate Deo." Standing on the foot-pace of the Altar the Dean prayed for the Cathedral, a prayer including the words, "Take our Cathedral into thy hands . . ." Then came the traditional Benediction Anthem of the Cathedral, Walford Davies' "God be in my head," and the Dean, rising from his knees, gave his first blessing.

The service ended on a high note of praise as the procession left the Church to the glorious hymn, "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation," to the magnificent 17th century German melody.

Whereas the Consecration of the Bishop was more National and Diocesan, this service, both in structure and in attendance, was more particularly a Washington Cathedral celebration. One felt the reality of the Cathedral family which, because the Cathedral has no parish, extends beyond the local boundaries and embraces people from the whole country. Further, the ritual was adapted to the setting, and everyone felt that in it the Cathedral came into its own and spoke for itself. Dr. Suter's dignity and the warmth of his utterances, and the vigorous prophetic sermon by the Bishop, all conspired to make a most fitting inauguration for its new leader. Afterward, the Dean and Mrs. Suter, with the Bishop and Mrs. Dun, received a large number of people in the Common Room of the College of Preachers.

Perhaps one of the most significant features of the occasion was that it was All Saints' Day and all were vividly conscious of the "great crowd of witnesses"—of which those present were but a small and representative portion—who, we believe, joined with the Dean in his prayer "The Lord being my helper," and carried the pledge of those present to support him, to carry forward the work of the Cathedral and, when happier times come, to press forward to the completion of the building and the perfection of its institutions.

There is that in the least of men which there can be in no building of stone, however majestic—a mind and heart that can answer to the living Spirit of God. The building is for man, not man for any building. But this great Cathedral in the making represents something in our human life greater than any single man; and therefore it is of the Cathedral that we shall think and speak, rather than of the men called to serve in it. Our little human lives, so fragile and so passing, gain greatness by the purposes that possess us and by the causes we serve. Always we gain our lives by losing them in something greater than ourselves.

The question for our new Dean and for us to take to heart is what this Cathedral is destined to be in the purpose of God. The question is not first, what men have made of it or can make of it, but what God wills to make of it for His service, and what He calls us to make of it for Him and His people of this great city and of this whole land. "Except the Lord build the house, the workmen labor in vain."

We need seek no obscure and fanciful word out of Scripture to give us our answer. There is a familiar word, used so often as to be almost trite. It comes to us with double authority: it comes first from an ancient prophet, one of the preparers of the Way. And it was taken up and underscored by Him who is the Way when He entered the Temple of God's people to cleanse it of worldliness. "Mine House shall be called a house of prayer for all people."

In the purpose of God, the Cathedral in which this man is called to serve as chief minister is first of all a *house of prayer*. That means a home and dwelling place and nurturing place for prayer, a place where prayer will be sheltered and encouraged and helped and directed, and given companionship and food of the spirit to strengthen it.

To be able to pray is the highest dignity of man. This is the noblest, cleanest activity of the human spirit; it is the most signal mark of man's being made in the divine image that he has it in him to make an answer to God. Prayer is that answer. It is as many-sided as the mystery of God and His self-disclosure to us. It is as diverse as the human spirit and man's concerns. It may be man's stillness before the mystery and majesty of Him Who inhabiteth Eternity, Whose Name is holy; the quiet, humbled disposition of the soul that can find no words to utter and is perplexed by the words men offer it to express the unutterable. It may be the outpouring of penitence by a man who bears a heavy burden of guilt and moral failure and seeks the boundless compassion of One Who can say even of His enemies, "Father, forgive

Installation Sermon

By THE RT. REV. ANGUS DUN, D.D., S.T.D.,
Bishop of Washington

Isaiah 56, verse 7, in part:

"Mine House shall be called a house of prayer for all people."

WE ARE met together to dedicate a man to a work of high responsibility and dignity in Christ's Church. It is like the coming of a new captain to take command of a great ship, and the ship is a Flagship. We salute him, we honor him and give him new dignity. But he and all of us recognize that his new dignity is rooted in the position to which he is called. The honor which is his is the honor of serving so great a cause in a position of such conspicuous influence.

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them, for they know not what they do." Sometimes it is the cry of human need to the ultimate Giver of every good and the final Determiner of human destiny; the cry for bread, for healing, for victory, for peace.

Prayer may be the listening act that turns obediently from the din of human voices and human claims to hear again God's own commandments for us; to stand again under the disturbing judgment of God on our human injustice; to listen to the Word of His well-beloved Son, or to the still small voice that will not let us evade what we have so long evaded. If it is prayer enlarged and unselfed by the wideness of God's mercy, it will be the selfless stretching of our so little imaginations to intercede for those we have not seen in far places. It may be the lifting up of our hearts to contemplate the heroic self-offering of Christ, and the reaching out of our hands to receive the pledges of His self-giving to us and for us. We pray when we stand together to reaffirm our faith in the Father Who has made us and in the Son Who brought refreshing glory to our dark human history, and in the Spirit Who gives true fellowship and inner light.

We pray when we sing the hymns of many times and of many outwardly separated parts of God's own people. We pray when we remember with gratitude the saints and seek to be caught up in that glorious citizenship which is made up of so many peoples and kindreds and tongues.

In the purpose of God, this Cathedral is first of all a House of Prayer, and the calling of this man whom we install in it is to keep it that, and to center his will and his gifts on this one thing.

You may well say, "Does this distinguish it from any other church?" No, it does not. This does not distinguish it from the littlest church in any countryside or from the dreariest church in any poor street of a great city. This Cathedral is a very conspicuous church, set upon a hill where it cannot be hid, in the capital of what is (God help us) the most powerful nation in the world. But its first business is to be a church, and that means a house of prayer.

What, then, does distinguish it? The Church, whether



The Evening Star, Washington
The Bishop institutes the Dean, who is standing in his stall.

we think of it in terms of human lives bound together in faith and prayer, or of the buildings that house and serve and symbolize man's life of prayer, inevitably and quite rightly reflects the forms of our human life. We live in many types of community, and our lives fall into many human groupings: there are country people and city people and suburban people, uplanders and lowlanders, Yankees, Southerners and Westerners, well-to-do people and white collar people and laboring people, white skinned people and dark skinned people and yellow skinned people. The Church reflects all these intermingled groupings. Men congregate and draw together on the basis of likenesses, shared interests and experiences. The Church in a little village or country community is deeply involved in the life of the locality; it is a meeting place of neighbors. In it the precious memories of grandfathers and local saints are treasured and perhaps memorialized. The little white church in the New England hill town is as much a part of New England as the old churches of Southern Maryland or Virginia are parts of those States. Old St. John's in Georgetown carries in its life the character of an old and settled community. It has a character which cannot be reproduced in the churches of the thriving new suburbs.

It is natural that people who wear the same kind of clothes and talk the same language should gather to-

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gether, and to touch on a subject where misunderstanding is easy, it is natural that people of different racial inheritances should meet together for common worship. That is something quite different, however, from the rigidly imposed barriers of segregation.

What we call the parish church is built on the foundations of locality and neighborhood, or, quite as often in our great cities where parish lines mean little, on family tradition and the natural congeniality of human groupings. The parish church is close to where men live. It has the strength and intimacy of these natural bonds, though it often has, too, their narrowness and, at worst, their snobberies. We are so ready to resent the unlikeness to us of other people, and to assert superiority of the people like ourselves.

A Cathedral represents a larger, more inclusive human grouping. For that reason it is called, in the purpose of God, to be in a special sense a house of prayer for *all* people. It is in a position to strike the universal note in a way hardly possible for a local church. Cathedrals began as the great mother-churches of the cities of Europe. In them the Bishop, as the chief pastor of all God's people of that region, had his see. The Cathedral was the great church, *the* house of God in a special sense, of the whole community. When the church spread out to the smaller localities and into the surrounding country, these smaller congregations looked to the Cathedral as the origin and center of their life and the symbol of their oneness in the fellowship of God's people. And because it was identified with the life of the larger community, the Cathedral was the natural place for great acts of prayer, for the hallowing of the life of the whole city, or even of the nation. There the sacred memories of the nation were especially treasured and renewed.

We must recognize very honestly and realistically that the life of the Church in our country took quite a different course from that in Europe. The Church was brought here as something transplanted by pilgrims seeking freedom from old-world tyrannies, or by colonists seeking new opportunities in a land of unexplored promise. It was planted in innumerable localities by little groups, and only gradually did they gather together to form real bodies of common church allegiance.

For that reason, the cathedrals were late in coming among us, and they represent in a sense the grafting into the body of our American church life of something taken from an older growth. Yet with all the differences, a Cathedral so truly meets a deep and real need that the grafting has not been a sterile and artificial thing, but has begun (though only begun) to take a real and living part.

We do live in families and local neighborhoods. And we do gather according to common interests and backgrounds. It is right that there should be houses of prayer for the concerns of the families and neighborhoods to be brought before God in prayer. Neighbors will meet better in the marketplace, husbands and wives will meet better at home, if they have met first in prayer.

But we live, too, in wider communities, as fellow citizens of a great city and of a great nation. In the purpose of God, however brokenly realized by us men, a Cathedral is meant to be a house of prayer where the needs and sins and hopes and fears and sorrows of all God's people in this great community could be brought before God and seen in His light. It is meant to be a place where there will be among us a continual new birth of freedom under God. Here in a measure not possible in the smaller churches all the human arts may be brought into the service of what Francis Thompson called the primal beauty: the music of voice and organ and strings; the glory of colored glass; the richness of sculptured stone; and the majesty of great architecture. Here we can bring before God the great common concerns of our larger life, labor and commerce and the difficult task of government.

This Cathedral occupies a unique place, because it is in the capital of our country. It bears the names of St. Peter and St. Paul; that binds it to the life of the ancient apostolic Church. It bears, too, the name of Washington Cathedral; that binds it to the life of our country and its history. What we desire is that the witness of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Gospel for which they lived and died, should so penetrate the life of Washington that its history shall be caught up into the on-going history of God's saving action among us.

Those who conceived of this Cathedral and those who have given themselves to its service, dared to dream of it as a hallowing influence within this whole land. Washington is a place of pilgrimage for all the people of the United States, and they do not all come to get something out of Congress or the O.P.A.; many come to stand in the presence of the great symbols and memorials of our national life. They come to see the Capitol and the Declaration of Independence and the White House and the Court dedicated to Justice under Law. They come to have refreshed the memories of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln; they go home again more proud to be Americans.

We want there to be a commanding place here that can be for very many an outward and visible sign that America knows that Peter and Paul and Augustine and Francis of Assisi and Wesley and John Bunyan and

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Phillips Brooks are part of our history too, and that above them all towers the Christ as Lord of all.

We have here a place where the flag of each state is hung in the presence of the Cross. We mean it to be a place where whatever the stubborn, tragic difficulties of particular localities, there shall never, so help us God, be any segregation or any exclusion for those who would come before the One God Who is above all and in all and through all.

Is it prophecy or presumption to think and speak thus of this Cathedral? How hard it is to draw the line. Was it prophecy or presumption when the ancient seer spoke of the temple of his own nation in Jerusalem as a house of prayer for all people? It was never a pure house of prayer, utterly free of all worldly defilement; it called again and again for cleansing, as does every church in which man has a part. It never became in full actuality a house of prayer for all people, but it set that standard among us, and made us forever disconcerted with anything less.

This Washington Cathedral was conceived within the life of one of the broken parts of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, but yielding to none in its claim to be a part. It is an Episcopal Church. It bears the mark of a particular tradition in the language of its prayer, though the language has drawn on the treasures of many times and of many places. It carries with it special commitments to a communion which has sought, however imperfectly, to hold together a catholic treasuring of tradition and a protestant respect for the claims of free conscience. There are great numbers of Christians in this land who, by conscience, are kept apart from us. We do not shut them out—they are held apart by their own honest loyalty. We can and shall include them in our prayers, but it would be ungracious for us to urge them to join us in our prayers. With many others who share with us the Reformation inheritance, we have deep things in common and can go far in fellowship and common service and common witness, even though we move very haltingly to the fullest union.

It is our hope that this will increasingly be a place where the most prophetic voices, speaking for God out of many traditions, may be heard.

Faced with these barriers and limitations, shall we draw back from our dream? No, we shall not surrender it or draw back, for we believe it is of God. We shall wrestle with it in prayer. We shall hold this great, growing symbol of it as trustees, and seek to use it ever as the servant of that dream, reaching out always to make it more truly a House of Prayer for all this people.

Thanks to the daring dreams and the labors of those

who have gone before, this is already a great church, great in beauty and great in the way it has caught the devout imagination of many people from all parts of this country. But we shall remember, and I am sure our new Dean will help us to remember, that before God even the greatest is ever the servant of all.

**Excerpts from a Letter to Dean Suter from the Rt.
Rev. James DeWolf Perry, Bishop of Rhode
Island and Former Presiding Bishop**

"... The opportunity and responsibility offered to the Dean of Washington are more complex, farther reaching, than attach to any other position of Dean in an American Cathedral. This fact is not unknown to you nor will it appall you and those, like myself, who know you well. Neither will you be dismayed but rather heartened by the knowledge that the office which you have accepted will be subject to the character and points of emphasis which you shall give it.

"In the task of continuing the material construction of the Cathedral you inherit from the first active Dean, Dr. Bratenahl, with whom I was associated in the work for many years, an engrossing purpose of expressing in visible and enduring form the essentials of Christian faith and life. Much that he could not easily state in words became manifest and felt in the proportions and detail and atmosphere of the building. In that work his spirit glowed and in the execution of it he gave his message, otherwise inarticulate, to all the future.

"In the pastoral ministry of the Cathedral I was interested particularly through Bill Bradner. That I believe to be the prevailing function of the Cathedral offices as the Dean of Ely has insisted in conversations with me, about the future of Cathedral foundations in England. This aspect of the Dean's office is so much a part of you that it needs no emphasis, but will be felt throughout the Diocese of Washington.

"Still more directly related to your life work, the services of the Cathedral will offer a means of liturgical expressions of the Church's worship at its best.

"The whole experience will bring your Priesthood to rich fulfillment through the ways of which the Church, just now, stands in some need. The words in the charge given you in Ordination keep running through my mind: 'Forasmuch as your Office is both of so great excellency and of so great difficulty . . .' So much the more you will be in my mind and in my prayers for God's help and blessing in the months and in the years to come."

Affectionately yours,

JAMES DEWOLF PERRY.

Our Holy Land—And Theirs

Thoughts on Palestine at Christmas

By CHARLES D. MATTHEWS

IN recent years, numerous Americans have been in Palestine for Christmas in wartime. They have written and broadcast of their Nativity pilgrimage. Not so many will be there this year. But as many as are there, or can go from nearby lands of the Bible, will have again a privilege both interesting and memorable.

With crowds singing "Adeste, Fideles," they will ride from the Holy City or its modern suburbs southward through the Valley of Hinnom, by the Plain of Rephaim, by the Well of the Magi with its curbstone a joint of the Herodian aqueduct; then on the ancient Dan-to-Beersheba road along the Judean watershed, with breathtaking views over the deserts and the Dead Sea to the distant plateau of Moab and Ammon; by the Monastery of St. Elias, the Tomb of Rachel, and the Well of David.

They will come quickly—too quickly—to Bethlehem. They will enter the ancient, fortress-like church by its low door, and visit its Grotto of the Nativity and many other spots of sacred tradition. They will attend services in the Latin chapel, where the symbolic star shines forth above the Altar at midnight, and an image of the Infant Christ is carried around in procession. They will sing carols in an inner court, and no doubt in the Field of the Shepherds down the eastern slopes from the City of David. Perhaps their voices and those of the bells of Bethlehem will be broadcast to those around the Christmas hearths of home.

They will buy mother-of-pearl, olive-wood, and other souvenirs from the industrious people of Bethlehem. And then they will go back to their task of bringing peace out of war.

Let us hope they have time to meditate under the stars, to think what Christmas has meant to the world, and may mean — yea, must mean — in fuller measure.

May they have the privilege of returning to Bethlehem to share also in the Greek Orthodox Christmas some time later. This is the Christmas of the native Christians of Palestine. It affords more acquaintance with the real Christian people of the land, and at the same time observation of the brilliant ceremony of the Orthodox Church.

May they have time, also, and good weather, to walk between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, to pause and rest,

across from St. Elias, on the memorial seat in honor of the artist Holman Hunt. Here one may gaze eastward, across the Jordan-Dead Sea cleft, upon the homeland of Ruth, and southward upon the City of the Nativity, and northward upon the City of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Such an experience gives one a startling new thought. It was less than six miles from the Manger to the Cross!

Two weeks before the wartime Christmas of 1917, victorious General Allenby entered the walls of the Holy City. In contrast with the Kaiser who on a visit some years before, with pride and with Berlin-to-Baghdad ambitions, had ridden in as an armored knight, Allenby came on foot.

At the Citadel inside the Jaffa or Hebron Gate, he caused to be read "to the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed and the people dwelling in the vicinity" his historic proclamation.

Now, victorious generals whose forces occupy cities and lands, always issue proclamations. It is the means of establishing control, as recognized by international conventions, under the exigencies of war. The 1917 document, therefore, proclaimed martial law, to continue so long as military necessity required. It also reassured the population regarding further alarm from the enemy (who established new headquarters in Nazareth, "where He was brought up," until they were driven completely from the land).

In a most significant way, this proclamation of victory and peace in the Christmas land twenty-seven years ago was different.

The difference was not in the pentecostal plurality of languages used—English, French, Italian, Arabic, and Hebrew. For the campaign, although mainly British, with support of Jewish battalions in Palestine and especially of the Arab forces of Feisal and Lawrence across the Jordan, was in some measure an Allied endeavor. And always there have been dwelling in Jerusalem, the crossways of the world, men out of every nation under heaven.

It was different because Palestine is different. It is distinctive among all lands of the earth. And herein lies both its charm and its tragedy.

"Furthermore," the conquering commander-in-chief proclaimed, regarding the land as well as Jerusalem it-



Approaching Bethlehem from the east.

Fine Arts Division, Library of Congress

self, "since your City is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people of these three religions for many centuries, therefore do I make known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest, or customary place of prayer, of whatsoever form of the three religions, will be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faiths they are sacred."

These three world religions are the great Biblical-theistic family: Judaism—which came from Moses and from the prophets, priests, and poets of the Old Testament and the Extra-Canonical Scriptures, and the teachers of the Talmud. Christianity—which came from Jesus of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Capernaum and the seaside, highways, and hilltops of Palestine, and from His disciples and apostles through the New Testament and the Church Fathers. Islam—which came from the prophet Mohammed through the Koran and its great theologians and interpreters and the "Traditionists." Judaism laid the foundation for Christianity, and they together furnished much of the inspiration and basis for Islam.

These so closely related religions, with their infusion of Hellenistic thought, science, and art, underlie the culture of the West, of the Near East, and of much beyond. Palestine, the tiny land which gave them birth, the country which was the heart of the Ancient and the Medieval East, is forever close to the heart of the world.

The sacredness of Palestine to Jews and Christians needs no attestation. But not so in case of our fellow-theistic Mohammedans. It is true that their holy cities above all are Mecca and Medina in Arabia. There are

other important shrines for divisions of Islam such as, for the Shi'ah sect, Najaf and Kerbala with their passion plays for the martyrs Hasan and Husein, in Iraq. But Palestine is also greatly venerated. Its inhabitants are neighbors of Allah. Prayer there is worth more than thousands of prayers elsewhere, except in Mecca and Medina. It is a land of pilgrimage. Those who visit it in sincere devotion, and pay their vows at its holy shrines, are made as free from their sins by Allah as they were when their mothers bore them. There is a rich Islamic pilgrimage literature, very similar to that of Judaism and Christianity.

Many of the Jewish and Christian holy places in Palestine are also shrines of Islam. This is particularly true of the Temple area in Jerusalem and the Tomb of the Patriarchs in Hebron. For Abraham, the Chosen Friend of Allah, was considered by Mohammed himself as the founder of the faith which he had been sent to renew. And Solomon and David are among the greatest heroes of Islamic religion and tradition. Palestine is the land and Jerusalem the city of thousands of Allah's prophets, many of whom are honored in the Koran as well as in the Bible. Jesus Himself is described as a "Spirit from God." His birthplace of Bethlehem is venerated as a place of meritorious prayer. The entire land is sacred, in fine, because here Allah sent down the Law and the Gospel, the *Taurát* and the *Injeel*, possession of which sets Jews and Christians beside the Muslims, apart from all the world, as having divinely revealed Scripture.

It is at such festivals as those of Easter, Passover, and the Prophet Moses (Nebi Musa), especially when they fall close together, that the veneration of Palestine by all three faiths and the Biblical kinship of all three faiths is most effectively demonstrated for visi-

tors in the land.

The sacredness of our Jewish-Christian Holy Land to the 275 million Mohammedans of the world has serious political significance. It makes the Palestine problem an international question. The British, since that historic Christmas season of 1917, have ruled with sincere efforts toward administration just to all and in interest of all. While basing their policy on principle as much as would any other power, and more so than most of those who have had or desired control throughout history, they must also reckon with expediency. They must realistically keep in mind the broader Islamic factor in their empire.

It is to be hoped that the three communities of the land can be brought by tactful, just, and firm guidance, and their own good sense, to a solution. The ideal—and the necessity—is compromise, cooperation, and sharing mutually in a new Palestine. For each of the three is inextricably bound up with the past and the present of the land, and each can contribute considerably to its future.

In this continuing task, as in others, surely America, which must work with Britain and other powers in a difficult post-war world, will trust those whom she wants likewise to trust her!

In Palestine there are now over half a million Jews and much over a million Mohammedans. Seldom remembered or considered, there are also over a hundred thousand Arab Christians, who are somewhat between the fires.

In the light of the Christmas Star, may we as wise men of East and West see more clearly that the hope of humanity, here and everywhere, is first of all a broad spirit of humanity. The good works of this spirit of humanity, in Palestine as everywhere, must be effected and administered by experts motivated by it, in government,



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Pilgrims on their journey from Samaria to Jerusalem.

economics, and in all the arts and sciences which human intelligence uses to organize life and make it both secure and meaningful.

Thus may Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians of the Holy Land, by compromise and mutual effort, and by aid of sympathetic and understanding friends, find for themselves a new, richer life. And thus will they be able to preserve for themselves, and for the millions of believers of the three faiths they represent, the sacred land and shrines which they hold in trust.

This war which Geopolitik in Germany and Japan set afame with ruthless disregard for universal humanity, came very close again to the Holy Land. Now, with complete liberation of the Aegean Isles—among which early evangelists of Christ sailed, or in exile saw heavenly visions of righteousness and peace on earth—the conflict of world forces will be far away. But a serious local conflict will remain.

Christ was born in an epoch of conflict—which in Palestine has so often recurred. Our Holy Land—and theirs—has never recovered from the terrible wars of the Crusades. Our fellow Americans in Palestine this year will sense and see evidences and wounds of renewed conflict.

And may our Christmas pilgrims comprehend, and help us at home to comprehend that it is a thrice sacred land. It is "regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of . . . these three religions for many centuries." It is held in equal veneration—veneration which transcends even their earnest nationalism and their desire for economic security—by the Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans whose home it is, and who must live there together.

Stained Glass: Its Spiritual Significance

By JOSEPH G. REYNOLDS, JR.

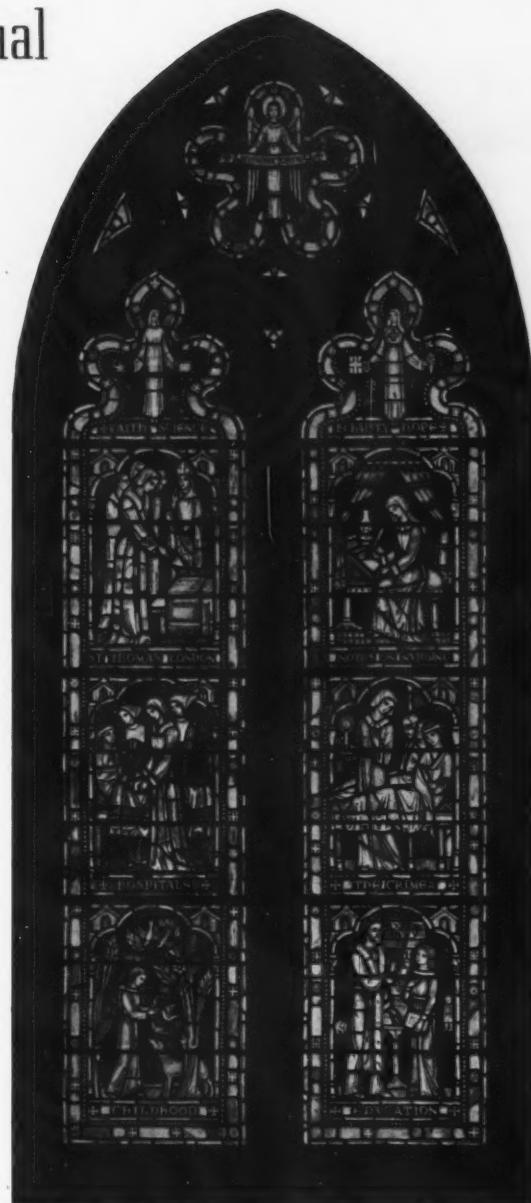
STAINED glass exalts the human spirit—it lifts the soul from earth to heaven. The windows of Ste. Chapelle, Chartres and Leon fill the visitor with ecstasy. He is transported by their celestial beauty.

Whence this spiritual exaltation? Color is the source, for color stirs the emotions. The rainbow, the sunrise, the sunset, golden sunshine, blue sky, autumn foliage, purple hills—all the colors in nature are joyful and uplifting. People everywhere in every age have responded to them emotionally and spiritually. A dismal, rainy day is depressing, for color and light are then grey and in a low key. Color is felt, is experienced by the senses. Color is important in this world. It is loved by every normal human being as one of God's greatest gifts. Stained glass is the glorification of color.

Color does not exist without light—in truth color and light are one—for white light passing through a glass prism is transformed into stained light composed of all the colors visible to the human eye, the spectrum colors of the rainbow. Like all things in nature, light is not static but ever changing. The varying seasons of the year, sunshine, cloud, rain, the daily movement of the sun all affect the quality of light which the window receives. As the weather vane changes with the wind, so does the window change with light. Stained glass lives by light but only in the light which shines through it from out-of-doors; it is destroyed when white light strikes the inner surface—the color effect is ruined. A good window is not obscured when the sun withdraws—it glows with high luminosity all day long. But when night falls it slowly dies until the light of a new day rekindles its colors and gives it life again.

Stained glass with its infinite color variations is a powerful emotional stimulus. In sunshine and shadow it brings joy or sadness, excitement or calm. In the direct rays of full sun the golds and rubies are like trumpet calls and brilliant battle flags. A cloud covers the sun and the bright notes merge into the general color tone. As evening draws near the window becomes ever more beautiful, and mysterious in the fading light. Gradually the reds and yellows disappear until finally an evanescent veil of blue is all that remains. Chartres at this mystical twilight hour is a spiritual experience. Then nothing exists but the eternal verities.

Color is the essence of stained glass. The world's



The Florence Nightingale Memorial Window made by Reynolds, Francis, and Rohnstock, North Transept of Washington Cathedral.

greatest windows have captured the glory of the rainbow. They feature the primary colors in perfect balance and never emphasize the secondary. In the Cathedral of St. Julien at Le Mans, France, may be found one of the world's most precious windows. In all lights it glows with a radiant beauty. It is the oldest authenti-



The Interior of Chartres Cathedral, showing the famous La Belle Verrière, center.

cated stained glass extant, dating from the year 1097, the time of the first Crusade. Its beautifully balanced color makes it an outstanding work of art, and its basic color plan is that of the rainbow. Red, blue and yellow, the primaries, are featured, with orange, green and violet in secondary place. The color schemes of all great windows which have been made since, ancient or modern, have, like this late 11th century work, been based upon the prismatic colors—the colors of light.

Chartres is the only European Cathedral which is lighted by practically all its original 12th and 13th century windows. Deepened and enriched by age the colors are more beautiful than in medieval days. Their glory is celestial. To enter the portals of this great church is like opening the very "Gates of Heaven." But when war comes and the windows are removed for safety, the interior of the Cathedral becomes cold and desolate, as bleak and bare as a forest in winter. Chartres without its color is majestic, noble, it appeals to the intellect; but the mystery and the power to enchant have gone—its very soul has fled.

Color, of supreme importance, should always take

precedence over story-telling in glass.

Stained glass is, in simplest terms, a mosaic of pieces of translucent colored glass. The color is produced by the admixture of certain metallic oxides when the glass is in a molten state "in the pot." This chemical process is a glorification of the simplest things, for common sand and common metals are transformed by the heat of the furnace into a precious new substance—jewels of color. In the hands of a great artist these jewels can produce the splendor of the 12th century windows in the west end of Chartres.

Age adds the mellowing touch that the hand of man cannot produce. After centuries of exposure to weather the originally intense and brilliant colors are softened, subdued and harmonized. This action of nature has given rise to the notion that the making of windows as beautiful as those of the 12th century is a lost art.

Stained glass has never been a lost art. Always there have been individual artists to keep alive its spiritual qualities and create works of aesthetic value. True, there have been periods, as in the 16th to 19th centuries, when it was at low ebb. Pictorialism, starting in the 15th century and continuing to the present, played an important part in the decadence. Men forgot that stained glass is primarily an art of color and of light; that it has definite limitations making it unsuited to pictorial representation; that the essential structural leads and metal supporting bars effectually destroy the picture; that the greatest results are achieved by emphasizing always color, and representing figures and stories in a decorative, rather than a pictorial, manner.

Then too, the Reformation was at its height in the 16th century. Faith in established ecclesiastical institutions was breaking down with consequent confusion in spiritual conceptions. Church art reflected this. Protestantism in its extreme form maintained that beauty in worship was "a thing of the devil," and this attitude has not been unknown even in America—witness the traditional severity of the New England form. It is only during the past fifty years that there has been increasing recognition of the belief that "Beauty in worship is a pathway to the Divine."

Here in America there is ample evidence that the art is alive and flourishing. In the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Riverside Church, St. Bartholomew's Church and other ecclesiastical buildings in New York City are windows which were conceived and created by artists now living. The lover of translucent color will go to Princeton University Chapel, Washington Cathedral, the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Mercersburg Academy Chapel, Colorado College Chapel and

other fine churches and chapels throughout the nation.

In achieving a spiritually significant window, experiment in the permanent location and under all light conditions is invaluable. The harmonious adjustment to its surroundings is as necessary as the "voicing" of a newly installed organ. The late Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, eminent architect, was the first to evolve a successful plan when the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was being glazed. He realized that he was dealing with "the most elusive of the arts"; that a studio test was inconclusive; that when a window is installed unpredictable factors are encountered, chief of which are the quality of light and halation. He invited an advisory committee of stained glass artists to appraise each window. Constructive criticisms were given, alterations agreed upon, and changes made by and at the expense of the studio responsible for the work.

Washington Cathedral went further—the Chapter adopted the "St. John Plan" but instead of penalizing the stained glass artist, it receives from donors a Contingency Fund, 12% of the cost of the window, for experimentation and structural changes found to be desirable, to the end that the final work shall be as nearly perfect as possible.

The authorities at Washington Cathedral have long recognized the aesthetic and spiritual values of stained glass. In 1934 the Chapter adopted a "Stained Glass Policy for the Cathedral of Washington," and published it the following year in the form of a manual to serve as a guide to the artists called to contribute their talents for the beauty and enrichment of the fabric. The Chapter makes certain pledges to those who are engaged to create the glass. Among these are, "Respect the dignity of the artist's position as a co-author of the Cathedral" and "Beauty of design, richness of color and perfection of craftsmanship of a window shall not be sacrificed to visibility or to any other consideration such as cost, or time to design and produce."

The establishment of this enlightened Policy at Washington Cathedral is a significant event in the history of the craft, and its general adoption as an ideal would encourage all artists in stained glass. The Chapter of the Cathedral knows that stained glass is more than a commercial product to be bought at a stated price per square foot; that fine windows cannot be produced on an assembly line and by quantity production; that bad glass can ruin a good church; that beautiful windows can give the glory of color to architecture. High ecclesiastical authorities proclaim that stained glass is a fine art; that its spiritual significance and beauty will be an inspiration for generations to come.

Symbols in Stained Glass

An Editorial by James Sheldon

History is correctly described as "a web of symbols." Man lives by symbols and is often ready to die for symbols—national, racial, or religious—such as the Cross, the Crescent, the Hooked Cross, and the Hammer and Sickle.

The sunrise, sunset, and the rainbow are significant symbols to the farmer, hunter, sailor—any out-of-door man. They are promises, promises of the morrow. They indicate the coming weather; they speak for the future. But there is another reason, subconsciously he realizes their harmony, their balance of color. All seven colors are there in the rainbow just as all the various instruments are present in the full orchestra. It is their perfect balance that gives us such joy, such complete satisfaction. Color and its sister, Music, depend upon balance.

Like all the other animals, man is subject to panic, to temporary madness, to complete mental upset, loss of balance. The storm, cyclone, hurricane, are merely the effect of the air, superheated by the sun, returning suddenly toward a new balance. Likewise this global war is the effort to return to balance upset by the teaching of certain philosophers that "man is a predatory animal; and the only law is the law of the jungle." It is the Church's function to correct that mistake and to show that man is an interdependent animal; that cooperation alone permits harmony, welfare, balance.

Greek architecture, Byzantine architecture, Gothic architecture, like the miracle of stained glass, arose and culminated in our own latitude. Nowhere else are form and line and color found in such perfect balance.

The Cistercians and the Puritans banished Color. They upset the balance. Greys, oyster-color, grisaille from northern Europe are always on the march to destroy full color in glass even in our own latitude. It is our privilege to restore balance. Stained glass is beautifully symbolic. Its color made Chartres a Mecca for 800 years—symbol of the undefeatable quality of the spiritual.

Stained glass was created and developed by the French, the most architectural-minded people since the Greeks.

France was smitten, overrun by the Anti Christ—France the mother of civilization. Is it not poetic justice that Paris, the second capital of every country, should be released on St. Louis' day, and that Americans again said a prayer in Notre Dame and in Ste. Chapelle? Every masterly stained glass window anywhere installed should be a symbol and monument to France.

Some Facts and Fancies Surrounding the
Origin of the "Loveliest Songs in the World"

—And Christmas Carols Were Born

By DEXTER DAVISON

Music Master, St. Albans School, Washington, D. C.

THE late Hendrik Willem Van Loon, author of many scholarly books and an ardent believer in the finer things of life, wrote in *The Story of Mankind*:

"It was the seven hundred fifty-third year since the founding of Rome. Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus was living in a palace of the Palatine Hill, busily engaged upon the task of ruling his empire.

"In a little village of distant Syria, Mary the wife of Joseph the Carpenter, was tending her little boy, born in a stable of Bethlehem.

"This is a strange world.

"Before long the palace and the stable were to meet in open combat.

"And the stable was to emerge victorious."

It is a long and not too direct road back to that first Christmas and the way is studded with strange and confusing byways. If we do not search the pages of history and legends, we are inclined to make the story very simple: Christmas is the celebration on December 25th of the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Santa Claus, jolly, harmless old fellow, sails around with his reindeer from the North Pole with gifts for everyone, which he places in stockings pinned to the mantelpiece.

We are inclined to give little thought to the gospel story. We are not particularly aware that there is controversy over the exact day and year of the birth of Christ and we care less that many Christmas observances are not of historical Christian origin. If, however, we will but seek out some of the facts hidden beneath fiction, we will find some fascinating stories about the long procession of persons associated with Christmas. They throng upon the scenes of history and folklore from all the nations of the world, and are so finely woven into the pattern of Christmas as we now know it, that their identity is often obscure.

It is true that Christmas is the celebration of the birth



Probably the first of all Christmas carols was sung by the heavenly host. Center Panel of the Reredos, Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Cathedral.

of Jesus, but the roots of Christmas observance penetrate deeply into the folklore of many nations and peoples. Christmas in the ancient days finds its full flower in the past and present customs of our ancestral homes in Europe. And there is not an American home that does not color its Christmas with some ancient European observances of gift-giving, trees, games and ritual, feasting and merrymaking.

Directly influencing the tradition of Christmas are the Druid mysteries; the Saturnalia, a celebration older than Roman recorded history; Mithras, who was worshipped in the centuries immediately preceding and following the advent of Christianity and whose religion merged into the early Christian customs; La Befana, the ageless wanderer who sought the Christ Child that she, too, might give her humble gift but who never found Him; Baboushka, the Russian version of La Befana. There are the legends around Nicholas, who originated in Asia Minor and, hundreds of years after his death, was made the patron saint of Russia. His fame spread throughout the world and he is enjoyed as Santa Claus in America, where we have stripped him of his canonical robes and substituted an ermine-trimmed red cap and suit. There

is Tante Aria, one of the lesser known gift bearers; St. Christopher, who has been called the Goliath of the Saints; the Wise Men, or Magi, who are memorialized in the magnificent Cologne Cathedral where a costly shrine was built by the Archbishop. The Bible gives us a scant clue to the identity of these Wise Men, now known as the Three Kings of Cologne, but legend has clothed their lives with innumerable fancies.

Exhaustive volumes have been written about these ancient traditions and personalities which have embroidered the observance of Christmas. One of the most valuable and interesting sources of information reflecting the mysteries, personalities, and customs surrounding the celebrating of the birth of Christ is found in the wealth of folk songs that have become known as "Christmas carols." Many of them have no recorded history, often they have been the spontaneous outbursts of man's joyousness. Christmas carols are some of the loveliest songs in the world because they were written about the most exciting story ever told.

Probably the first of all Christmas carols was that sung in the heavens by the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"—the "Gloria in Excelsis."

Through centuries, when people were wondering and exclaiming about the beauty of that first Christmas, they made up verses about it, and music to fit the words . . . and Christmas carols were born. Some of them are lively and gay, telling of feasts, dancing and merrymaking. They are the older ones and reflect customs of ancient celebration that originated even before the birth of Christ. Others are more serious and tell, in reverent words and music, the story of the strange and beautiful coming of the infant Jesus. Both kinds are equally interesting and are sung all over the civilized world.

Saint Francis of Assisi in the thirteenth century placed the crèche, or Christmas manger, in his parish church at Grecia, a tiny Italian village near Assisi. Christmas songs were sung around it, so that the Christmas story might be more easily understood by his people. The custom had originated much earlier, but Saint Francis popularized the tableaux, from which, it is believed, mystery plays and carols sprang.

It was such a contrast to the formal dogmatism of church worship that a new interest in Christmas spread throughout all Europe. As the custom developed, the entire nativity scene was presented, growing to dramatic proportions and significance in the mystery plays. Folk songs came into use with these plays and Christmas became a truly joyous festival. Many original expressions

in song, beautiful in their simplicity and sincerity, have been passed on down through the ages. Hundreds of later carols, which may well be considered modern echoes of the earlier ones, have joined the procession from many lands reflecting characteristic attitudes and customs of the people. One reflection alone remains unchanged. It is the reflection of joy—joy that springs from the human heart when the story of Christmas is told.

We are not sure why many of our Christmas songs are called *carols*, but it is reasonable to assume that the word has a "dancing origin" and once meant "to dance in a ring." It has probably come to us from the French word *caroler*; the Latin word *choraula*; the Greek word *choraules* (a flute player for chorus dancing) and goes back to the ancient Greek dance called the *choros*, over two thousand years old.

There are few new carols and one good reason may be that the old ones are so completely satisfying, and as familiar to us as they were to our forefathers, that we have no particular need for new ones. Many of these older carols are folk songs that were sung at festivals of the four seasons. Long before the birth of Christ, a jolly winter festival called the "Yule" was celebrated yearly in the British Isles about the same time we now celebrate Christmas. The halls were decorated with holly, ivy, mistletoe and the Yule logs burned to scare away evil spirits. Everyone ate plum puddings, drank from the wassail bowl and sang. *Deck the Hall with Boughs of Holly* is a carol commemorating the festival. It is commonly known as a Christmas carol, although it actually tells nothing of the birth of Christ.

The carols we know today date back to the 14th century and earlier, but the word "carol" was considered evil in the early centuries. It was not until after the dark ages, late in Christian history, that Christian people accepted carols as good songs that expressed the spirit of good. Even in the history of our own country the Puritans forbade carol singing in the 17th century, substituting fasts for feasts and a long visage for a joyful look, but by that time carols were so deeply entrenched in the hearts of people that they travelled "underground" and were kept alive with more or less accuracy.

After the Restoration, carols were considered too democratic for 18th century sophistication and most of these gems of music and literature were threatened with extinction. However, in the 19th century, some truly musical hearts re-discovered this type of folk music still circulating in the country districts. Enlightened churchmen and laymen united in an effort



to discover and preserve the ancient texts and through their efforts a real carol literature has been preserved. In old England strolling bands of minstrels and troupes of little children, singing from door to door and in the streets and highways, scattered these songs throughout the land. From the high tide of their popularity, the days of Richard

Coeur de Lion till the Reformation, down to the present day, songs and singers have voiced the joy of holiday season.

To make the distinction clear between the "inherited" carol or the folk song which cannot be traced to one composer and which has evolved through the myriad modifications of numberless performers, and the "composed" hymn which can be ascribed definitely to an author, the following songs of Christmas are divided into two separate groups. The first group includes a few of the real carols.

THE FIRST NOWELL, believed to have been sung in England for over four hundred years, may have originated as a descendant to another melody. A descendant is a second tune written above the melody of a piece, and sung with it. Although this carol first appeared in print in England, it is also claimed by France. The ancient words are a bit confusing because the Bible does not tell us the shepherds actually saw the "Star of Bethlehem" but rather that the three kings saw the star and followed it to Bethlehem. It has survived its historical inaccuracies and remains one of the oldest and best loved Christmas carols. The word *Nowell* is the English form of the French word *Noël*, meaning Christmas and also Christmas carol. It came from the Latin *Natalis*, meaning birthday.

The words of GOOD KING WENCESLAS were written by Dr. J. M. Neale about 1852 to be sung to the popular melody we all know. This tune, originally a Spring carol, *Tempus adest floridum*, was included in a collection known as "Piae Cantiones," assembled by a Finnish student in Germany, 1582, and is but one of many exquisite 16th century melodies of that collection. The songs spread throughout Sweden and Finland. The British Minister at Stockholm gave them to Dr. Neale and his *Good King Wenceslas* has become one of our most popular carols. The legend is associated with the sainted King Wenceslas who ruled Bohemia in the tenth century. Stories of his great kindness are many, but he is especially famed for his liberality at the feast of St. Stephen, still celebrated on December 26th.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS is a carol melody of an old English song known as *Greensleeves*, one of the most popular

ballads, first printed in 1580. Shakespeare mentions it in *The Merry Wives* (Act II, Scene I and Act V, Scene 5). It was also sung traditionally as a wait's carol, "The old year now away is fled." The words *What Child Is This?* which are now popular, are by William C. Dix (1837-98).

The famous Coventry Carol, from the Coventry Mystery Play of the Shearmen and Tailors, *ULLAY, THOU LITTLE TINY CHILD*, is perhaps one of the most exquisite carols in all literature. It was sung by the women of Bethlehem in the play, just before Herod's soldiers came in to slaughter their children. The plays, which grew out of St. Francis' simple tableaux, were popular by the 15th century. Each play, representing various virtues and vices, telling the story of the life of Christ and the Saints, was performed by a particular trade guild having its pageant cart on wheels, with a screened dressing room below and a stage above. At first, carols were sung between the scenes, and later they became part of the play. Sometimes the audience joined in the singing, a practice which led to the general singing of carols apart from the play.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL, sung in all Christian churches throughout the world, was originally sung with the Latin words, *Adeste Fideles*. In France it was used as a procession by the monks on their way to the sanctuaries for the Christmas Midnight Mass. It has been known as a Portuguese Hymn in England, probably because the Duke of Leeds heard it at the Portuguese Chapel in London about 1785, and presented it at one of his concerts under that title. The organist of the Chapel, Vincent Novello, attributed it to a John Reading, 1680. It appears in a manuscript collection of John Wade in England, dated 1751, and some authorities believe Wade composed it. There is no evidence to prove the claim. The origin of *Adeste Fideles* remains unknown, making this gem of Christmas music a true carol. The English translation from Latin was made by Frederick Oakley in 1841. Perhaps the true solution is that *Adeste Fideles* has been changed gradually by various authors. Some believe it was written by Bonaventura, Bishop of Albano, born in 1221 in Tuscany. Samuel Duffield says that it is a graduate of the Cistercians. It may belong to all of them. One fact is certain, it belongs to the ages.

The following group includes "composed" hymns:

The most popular English hymn in the world is a composite of many efforts. The words of HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, were originally written by Charles Wesley, an English organist and composer, in 1743. Many others, however, altered the words before the present form emerged. Even then it was not until more than a hundred years later, 1856, that it first appeared with the tune we know so well. This tune comes from a chorus composed by the great German composer Felix Mendelssohn for a festival held in Leipzig to celebrate the invention of printing. In 1856, the words, by that time appearing as we now know them, were published with the Mendelssohn music which we now sing.

A great American hymn was created by Phillips Brooks, one of the best loved preachers of 19th century America, who became Bishop of Massachusetts. In 1868, while rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, he wrote the words for O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM. Three years previous he had visited the Holy Land and worshipped in the Church of the Nativity, which inspired him

Christmas, 1944

greatly as did Bethlehem and the walks outside the town. He remembered one night in particular—a night when he felt the same wonder and joy that people in bygone ages had felt when they too, stood there in the still dark and saw the stars that were so bright. He could understand easily how dark the night must have been, two thousand years ago, when the infant Jesus was born in a stable in the very street and under the same stars at which he was looking. When members of his Sunday School asked him to write a Christmas song for them, he already had the inspiration for the famous poetry we know and love so well. After composing the words, he went to Lewis H. Redner, his church organist, and asked him to furnish a tune for the new hymn. Mr. Redner said that the melody came to him in a dream on Christmas Eve and the harmonies were completed and written in time for the service next day. Thus was created one of the most beautiful of all Christmas hymns—strangely inspired all the way, and every bit of it is American.

The story of *SILENT NIGHT*, beloved the world over, has only recently become generally known. The organ of the little church of Arnsdorf, near Salzburg, Austria, had in the last days before Christmas become unfit for further use. Mice had built nests in the pipes and gnawed holes in the leather valves and it could not be used until the organ builder came to repair it. On the day before Christmas, 1818, he had not come and this seriously troubled the parish priest, Father Joseph Mohr. He went to his organist and school master, Franz Gruber, and expressed his disappointment saying, "We must have something special for midnight mass."

On the same day, Father Mohr was called to administer the last rites to a dying woman. As he returned in the last light of day, he paused on a height overlooking the town. Above him loomed the mountains and below him lay the dim outline of the valley. The little town was almost lost in the vastness of its surroundings. Suddenly the priest thought, "It must have been something like this—that silent, holy night in Bethlehem." Powerfully affected, he hurried home, sat at his desk and wrote. He took the poem to Franz Gruber and read it to him. As soon as he had done so, inner voices seemed to fill the heart of the humble musician and he sang what he heard. His wife said, "We will die, you and I, but this song will live."

The organ was not repaired so Gruber arranged the music for two solo voices, the choir and a guitar. It was sung that midnight in the Christmas Eve service. When the organ builder did come, he heard the song, took it with him to his friends, the Folk Song Singers who were also glove makers, and asked them to sing it. Each year they made a tour selling gloves (it was just as hard then for musicians to make money as it is now) and giving song recitals. From that time on, their songs always included *Stille Nacht*. It was through them, the Folk Song Singers, that this exquisite little piece of Christmas music became popular. *Silent Night* has been sung in nearly every language and in nearly every land and it will never be forgotten as long as people sing about Christmas.

The singing of carols at Christmastide is growing more popular each year, bringing the glorious message to the young and old, the shut-ins and strangers, the more fortunate and the distressed.

Many hospitals open their doors to carolers to cheer patients; the radio helps to spread the charm of carols; and many churches from the smallest country parish to majestic cathe-



... all mellowed within the vaulted stone grandeur of the Cathedral.

ditals hold Christmas carol services each year. From Washington Cathedral a great carol service was relayed throughout the world last December by the National Broadcasting Company. A choir of nearly six hundred boys and girls from the Cathedral schools moved in procession from the Crypt, through the long aisles up into the Great Choir, the Musicians' Galleries and the balcony under the beautiful Rose Window high in the North Transept from which they sang carols and hymns. The message of the carols, the blending of hundreds of young voices and the vibrant tones of a great organ, all mellowed within the vaulted stone grandeur of the Cathedral, created a loveliness of praise that will always be vivid in the memory of those who heard it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The widespread interest in this annual occasion is evidenced by the following letter to the author, director of the Cathedral carol service:

I wish I could be with you on December 11th to hear the National Cathedral Schools' Choir sing "When Christ Was Born," but it is impossible on account of the great amount of work I have to do in New York.

I hope the singers in the chorus will accept my heartfelt thanks for their kindness in choosing my music. I hope some day I shall have the pleasure and honor of conducting them. With friendly greetings to you and everyone in the chorus.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI.

The Standard Book of Common Prayer

By THE VERY REVEREND JOHN WALLACE SUTER, D.D.

THE average member of the Episcopal Church has no interest in the Standard Book of Common Prayer except possibly a moment of curiosity when his eye falls on the reverse of the title-page of the Prayer Book. Here he sees the following.

CERTIFICATE

I certify that this edition of the Book of Common Prayer has been compared with a certified copy of the Standard Book, as the Canon directs, and that it conforms thereto.

Custodian of the Standard Book of Common Prayer

One aspect of the Standard Book is the legal. It exists by reason of Canon 20, which says:

Sec. 1. The copy of the Book of Common Prayer accepted by the General Convention of this Church, in the year of our Lord, 1928, and authenticated by the signatures of the Presiding Officers and Secretaries of the two Houses of General Convention, is hereby declared to be the Standard Book of Common Prayer of this Church.

Sec. 2. All copies of the Book of Common Prayer to be hereafter made and published shall conform to this standard, and shall agree therewith in paging, and, as far as it is possible, in all other matters of typographical arrangement, except that the Rubrics may be printed either in red or black, and that page numbers shall be set against the several headings in

the Table of Contents. The requirement of uniformity in paging shall apply to the entire book but shall not extend to editions smaller than those known as 32mo, or to editions noted for music.

Sec. 3. No copy or edition of the Book of Common Prayer, or a part or parts thereof, shall be made, printed, published or used as of authority in this Church, unless it contains the authorization of the Custodian of the Standard Book of Common Prayer, certifying that he or some person appointed by him, has compared the said copy or edition with the said Standard, or a certified copy thereof, and that it conforms thereto. And no copy or edition of the Book of Common Prayer, or a part or parts thereof, shall be made, printed, published or used as of authority in this Church, or certified as asforesaid, which contains or is bound up with any alterations or additions thereto, or with any other matter, except the Holy Scriptures or the authorized Hymnal of this Church.

It will be observed from the above rather ponderous quotations that legally the Standard Book at any given moment is whatever General Convention says it is. It is the result of a series of legislative enactments. This result does not usually exist anywhere in the form of a beautifully bound book, for no sooner does such a book get printed than General Convention makes some slight changes. However, a beautiful and large master copy is printed after each thorough revision of the whole Prayer Book.

Such is the Book whose picture appears herewith. This was made by the Merrymount Press in Boston, under

the supervision of the famous printer, the late Daniel Berkeley Updike. It is bound in fine red morocco leather. The raised whipcords are particularly noteworthy, since only the very finest quality of morocco would press so perfectly. The title is blindstamped. The Book is pseudo-quarter bound with the same morocco. The cover binding is signed by Duprez Lahey.

The Book is printed on the best Italian vellum, in Janson



T. Batchelor

The Standard Book of Common Prayer.

type throughout. The size of the page is $13\frac{1}{2}$ " by $9\frac{1}{8}$ ". The body is set in 18-point, the main heads in 30-point.

It is a remarkably fine make-ready job. There is no lightness in any of the letters, and the amount of ink is so perfectly distributed that there is no spreading. It was probably printed two pages at a time, or at the most four, since the vellum is untrimmed. The margins are $2\frac{1}{4}$ " outside, $1\frac{1}{8}$ " at the head, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ " at the bottom. The type is set $5\frac{3}{8}$ " wide.

When the Prayer Book was revised in 1892, the Standard Book was printed by the De Vinne Press and was a gift to the Church from the elder John Pierpont Morgan. When it was revised again in 1928, his son (the late John Pierpont Morgan), following his father's generous example, gave the present Standard Book. A comparison between these two great volumes furnishes a most interesting demonstration of the way in which taste changes from one generation to another. The 1892 Book, a product of the Victorian era, obtains its beauty through ornamentation. Every page has an elaborate border, almost no two pages being alike. Everything about the artistic character of the work is ornate. In contrast to all this, the 1928 Book aims at beauty in the relation of the size of type to the size of page, and the distribution of paragraphs on each page. The general effect is one of chastity and strength, like a Greek temple. Ornamentation has disappeared, and in its place we find nobility of proportion. Both books are beautiful, and each is a splendid example of its own peculiar type of craftsmanship in the fields of printing, paper-making and binding.

From 1789, when the first American Prayer Book came into existence, until the revision of 1892, there was no Custodian and each Bishop certified the Prayer Book for his own diocese. However, Samuel Hart was Custodian of the changes made in 1886. In 1892 General Convention established the office of Custodian of the Standard Book of Common Prayer, and the following have held the office:

Samuel Hart, 1892-1917; Lucien Moore Robinson, 1918-1931; John Wallace Suter, 1932-1942; and his son, John Wallace Suter, 1942-.

Everybody knows that the word *rubric* comes from the same Latin root as the word *ruby*. Rubrics are red. For many generations, Prayer Books have been printed in two colors, red and black, in order to make a contrast between the actual text of the service and the directions for rendering the service. However, it soon became too much of a financial burden to print the Prayer Books in two colors, and therefore, in the interest of economy it



T. Batchelor

Much of the Book's beauty is derived from its perfectly proportioned pages.

was decided to bring out the contrast between the text and the directions by using italics (in black) for the latter. The result is that whenever a Prayer Book is printed in two colors, the rubrics are in Roman type, like the text; and when printed all in one color, the rubrics are in italics. When the Standard Book of 1892 was made, the printer used for the rubrics *red italics*: an artistic error which was corrected in the 1928 edition, but one which still occasionally reappears in privately printed pamphlets when services are arranged for special occasions.

For some reason human nature is always interested in errors, and the Custodian is often asked whether the Standard Book contains any. The answer is that it does, and fortunately they are exceedingly few and small. Probably the most interesting is the one in Psalm 55, Verse 14, "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide and mine *old* familiar friend." This was corrected in 1934 to "mine *own* familiar friend."

Of the Standard Book there are about 500 facsimile copies made from the same plates and printed not on vellum, but on exceedingly fine paper, and bound entirely in red pigskin. One of these belongs to each Diocese and Missionary District; one was sent to each of the great libraries of the world, including the library of the College of Preachers in Washington, D. C.; and the few remaining copies are held in the Morgan Library in New York City, where they may be seen on request.

The Standard Book itself is in the Washington Cathedral, where it will soon be on exhibit in one of the chapels.

Cathedrals and Churches Serve the Red Cross

By ROBERT PARK MACHATTON

THE principles which have made the Red Cross a living force throughout the world today are deeply rooted in Christianity. Love thine enemies—do good to them that hate you—feed the hungry—are precepts which have come down to our generation from the original teachings of Christ.

Under such conditions it is entirely natural that cathedrals and churches throughout our nation are working hand in hand with the Red Cross. Spiritual and lay leaders are taking a prominent part in the direction of Red Cross affairs, while buildings dedicated to the worship of God have been placed at the disposal of local Red Cross organizations to help them further their work of mercy.

Probably the first body to put these Christian teachings into practice were the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, founded by the Blessed Gerard about the time of the first Crusade in the 11th century. Devoted to the care of the needy sick, reports dating from the earliest years of the Order indicate that the Knights succored Saracen and Christian alike.

Although the vicissitudes of fortune have dispersed this ancient Order, so that today there are both Prot-

estant and Catholic branches tracing their origin to it, these branches are still actively identified with the Order's original principle, as witness the history of both the first and second World Wars during the current century. Hospitals, ambulance trains, first aid detachments, doctors and nurses, all have been supplied by the descendant organizations active in the warring countries.

The Red Cross flag may even be an indirect modification of the standard of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1339 the Bernese army during a bitter campaign adopted a banner of a white cross on a red field. According to one of that city's historians, the use of the cross was due to a feeling the war was as sacred as freeing the holy places of Palestine. The form and color of the cross were those of the Order of St. John, except that the ends of the cross did not reach to the edges of the field. This modification of the flag of the Knights of St. John eventually became the flag of Switzerland.

When the Red Cross flag was adopted, the delegates to the Geneva Convention chose the flag of Switzerland, the country which, through its illustrious citizen Henri Dunant, gave birth to the movement, reversing the colors. Thus, if this account be true, the standard of the Knights Hospitallers, in modified form and reversed colors, came into general and world-wide use to indicate the principles for which the Order had stood in the time of the Crusades.

Thus under the banner of Christ and Christian charity, in every city and hamlet throughout our land, men and women of all denominations are today working to alleviate the miseries of war. With upward of 4,000,000 volunteers engaged in Red Cross work, one of the most important problems has been the provision of adequate workrooms.

In this emergency, churches of all denominations have flung wide their doors, and it is no exaggeration to say that hardly one exists that is not in some way serving the Red Cross. In rural areas and small towns the church is frequently the only establishment having sufficient room to accommodate the Red Cross group. In the larger cities where there are multitudes of Red Cross workers, the churches offer ideal neighborhood meeting places.

Though the facilities of some may be used but a few hours each week, others are known to house Red Cross

(Continued on page 44)



American Red Cross Photo

Italy. Above is an Italian church temporarily converted to hospital use, where wounded American soldiers are receiving medical care. The man in the foreground is receiving a transfusion of blood plasma, made available through the Red Cross.

Memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury

THE whole Christian world was shocked and grieved on October 26 by the announcement of the death of the Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. William Temple, D.D., D.Litt., Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England.

Presiding Bishop Tucker said in expressing his keen regret: "It is a grievous loss, not only to the Church of England, but to the whole Christian world. By his writings Archbishop Temple has made a great contribution to Christian theology. He has been a leader in the application of Christian principles to social and economic problems. As President of the World Council of Churches he exerted a wide influence in promoting cooperation between the various branches of the Christian Church, in preparation for ultimate Christian unity."

A memorial service for the Archbishop was held in Washington Cathedral on November 1 at 10:30 o'clock, attended by a large number of British and American government officials. His Excellency, the British Ambassador, the Earl of Halifax, read the lesson and Bishop Dun gave a brief memorial address.

He said in part: "As Archbishop of Canterbury he was the first citizen of England, he was the honored leader of all the churches which treasure their inheritance from the Church of England, and worship according to very like Books of Common Prayer. But his leadership reached far beyond the bounds of our Communion.

"His gifts and his spirit were truly catholic. Ever loyal to his particular Church, he worked tirelessly for the wider unity among all Christian people. . . . Born to privilege, he was a courageous spokesman for the poor and the dispossessed. The largeness of his sympathies made his a true ministry of reconciliation in the realms of thought as well as in Church and State.

"His death at a time when his leadership is so greatly needed and to our human eyes is so irreplaceable is a

heavy trial for our faith. In his Enthronement Sermon at Canterbury he said: 'My chief desire is to enter upon my office as Christ's bondman and witness.' To that purpose he remained faithful and to remember him is to be recalled to that same service."

Out of a long and close association with the Archbishop, Dr. John R. Mott, a member of the Cathedral Council and Vice-President of the World Council of Churches, writes: "His death has brought an overwhelming sense of loss across the breadth of the world. This is due largely to the fact of the relation he sustained to the ecumenical movement. And this unique relationship cannot be explained alone by his occupying the position of Chairman of the Provisional Committee established six years ago for the purpose of bringing into being the World Council of Churches. More particularly, it is due to the chain of developments extending over some forty years. . . .

"We must remind ourselves that he was a wise master builder, and that by his notable sermons and writings, and above all by his influential and truly contagious example, he has already accomplished a work that will never die. He being dead yet speaketh, and this most truly, most appealingly, most triumphantly."



The Archbishop of Canterbury (then Archbishop of York) visited the College of Preachers, Washington Cathedral, in 1936. He is shown seated second from right. Included in the group are: standing, 2nd from left, Bishop Dun; 6th, Bishop Gardner, N. J.; 9th, Bishop Phillips, W. Va.; 12th, Bishop Powell, Md.; 22nd, Bishop Clingman, Ky.; 25th, Bishop Boynton, Puerto Rico. The late Bishop Rhinelander, then Warden of the College, is seated 3rd from left.



Up the Sand Trail to Acoma

New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

IN a war torn world it is good to think of Saint Stephen's on the Rock of Acoma and the Christmas we spent there—we the only white people in that fantastic aerial city of the anachronous Acoman Indians.

The Rock of Acoma, seventy acres in area, rears its yellow ocher walls four hundred feet straight up from a desolate New Mexican table land, itself seven thousand feet above the sea. The nearest highway is twenty miles away. Remote and lonely The Rock stands like a dream island in a sea of rainbow tinted light.

Before the Sand Trail was built in recent years, the only approach to cloud shadowed Acoma was by worn foot and finger holds up through chasms of shining sandstone to the wind swept, treeless summit. Here three-storied adobe houses, tiered like giants' steps, cling like sea birds' nests above the haze of far flung desert land. Here stands Saint Stephen's, one of early America's most beautiful churches.

From their lofty perch, the Acomans in 1540 saw crested Coronado toiling over the blistering sands in search of the golden cities of Cibola. In 1629 they saw a solitary Franciscan, Fray Juan Ramirez, climbing their beetling crags. He had walked the hundred and fifty miles from Santa Fé to found Saint Stephen's on The Rock. There he lived for twenty lonely years on the

barren summit to teach and shepherd the Children of the Sun.

His church was destroyed in the Indian Revolt of 1680, but his teaching and faith live on to this day. In 1700 Saint Stephen's was rebuilt. Since then each Christmas has heard the glad tones of ancient Spanish bells ringing out across the wasteland from forgotten Acoma. Although a year may go by without the visit of a priest, still these first Americans keep their strange but reverent Christmas. In it are mingled the pre-historic rites of "The People Who Are Gone" and the teaching of the devoted "Brown Gowns."

Seen in its awesome loneliness of sky and desert and jagged cliff, Saint Stephen's takes the breath away. Its ten feet thick walls soar sixty feet above the bare rock summit to enclose a structure one hundred and fifty feet long. Pine beams support a roof whose ceiling is a quaint herring bone design of yucca stalks painted blue and red and yellow. Two massive bell towers guard the entrance.

Because Acoma is solid rock, every grain of sand and every pound of adobe dirt for the enormous building were carried on the backs of Indians up the perilous trails from the desert plain below. The pine beams that support the soaring roof came on the shoulders of red

Saint
ON

Christmas in

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as in Indian City

DORRISBURY



Saint Stephen's on The Rock of Acoma

New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

men from far distant snow crowned mountain peaks. No wonder Saint Stephen's with its attendant buildings and burial ground was forty years in building.

Late on Christmas afternoon the wail of Indian drums echoes along the narrow streets between the three-tiered houses of Acoma. Saint Stephen's opens its wide ancient doors. There, suspended between earth and sky, takes place one of the most poignant of Christmas observances.

To the thumping of drums and the hiss of rattle gourds and the precise resonant chant of men's voices, the Acomans file into their shadow filled church. Raw pigment is in their gorgeous shawls, their full skirts and sleeves. Turquoise and silver jewelry twinkles in the gloom. Each brown hand holds a symbolic sprig of evergreen juniper tree.

There is a Christian church of medieval Spain erected on the frontier of a strange new land, a little known race dances its reverent ceremonial steps. The Orient is in those tireless steps and in the serene high cheek-boned faces. Hour after hour the dance continues until approaching night spreads an indigo veil over ocher cliffs and blots out the shining mesa land.

The dancing and the chanting stop. The twilight of the ancient church blossoms with scattered candle light.

The great Altar which has been but an indistinct blur, becomes the focus of attention. No priest is there to lead the devotions. Only the faded painting of Saint Joseph, which Charles the Second of Spain gave to Acoma long, long ago casts a benign eye on the simple rites.

On the third step of the Altar, the Acomans gather around a Manger Scene which they have constructed in a bower of piñon and juniper branches. Here is a tiny replica of the Christ Child. Here, too, are replicas of the earthy animals from the barnyard. The Indians of Acoma blend gently with that Manger Scene. Even now, their own sheep bleat in nearby corrals and the tinkle of goat bells filters through the great open door.

Little gayly-clad children are lifted up by white-booted mothers to see The Child in His evergreen bed. In a growing heap around Him, old and young leave their gifts like the desert kings of old. But their gifts are the gold and yellow squashes and the waxey scarlet of chile peppers and the blue and purple of desert-land corn.

When the last grandfather has hobbled away, and the last big-eyed baby has deposited his gift, the old bell in Saint Stephen's rings out over remote Acoma on The Rock. Its echoes are lost in the vast silence of a desert night where the stars of Christmas shine.

The World's Young Women's Christian Association

1894-1944

By MRS. HENRY A. INGRAHAM, President National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America

AVESPER Service in observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the World's Young Women's Christian Association was held on Sunday afternoon, November 19, 1944, in Washington Cathedral. The congregation which attended the service had come at the invitation of the National Board of the Y.W.C.A.'s of the United States, the Bishop of Washington and the Chapter of Washington Cathedral.

The outstanding leadership that the Rt. Rev. Angus Dun has given to helping women take their places of responsibility in all areas of endeavor made it most fortunate that the Bishop could preach the sermon of celebration and consecration. The music for the occasion was rendered by the Cathedral Choir and by Miss Dorothy Maynor, whose beautiful voice stirred our souls to new depths of worship.

The Order of Service, prepared by the National Board, included special prayers written by Mrs. Robert E. Speer, honorary President of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America; and by Miss Ruth Rouse, President of the World's Young Women's Christian Association. The service was led by the Dean of the Cathedral; the lesson was read by Dr. Robert M. Wil-

liams, President of the Interdenominational Ministers' Alliance and Pastor of Asbury Methodist Church. The processional included women in the service forces of the United States of America, Great Britain and Canada, young women from U.S.O.-Y.W.C.A. Clubs, and girls and women from the membership of the Young Women's Christian Association in this and other countries, many of whom were in national costumes.

All of the 420 Community Y.W.C.A.'s in this country knew about the Cathedral Service and in many cases they held services simultaneously.

The year 1944, marked by many events weighted with tragedy and hope, is the Golden Jubilee of the World's Y.W.C.A. The year 1894 did not mark the birth of the Association. Since 1855, from beginnings in England, France, Switzerland and Germany, this movement had spread within these countries and to other countries including the United States.

For almost a half century the idea of the Young Women's Christian Association had been at work like leaven and the efforts of Christian women had, through these years, been directed toward creating local centers of friendly service and Christian fellowship for girls and young women and toward linking local centers together into national Associations. Leaders had been trained and channels of communication and exchange between countries had been created in order that experience, ideas, methods, leadership and money could be exchanged and an understanding gained of common problems and shared hopes.

When the time came for a World's Association to be born the process of growth from local beginnings to National Associations had been accomplished in several important countries through cooperation and consultation. This realization had grown naturally out of contacts between leaders of the national Associations and their efforts to consult with one another as they aided in the extension of the Y.W.C.A. The missionary interest led to the calling of an international conference in Great Britain in 1892 which was attended by representatives



Miss Maynor with choir boys, l. to r.: Richard Schulze, Meredith Price and Ronald Gibson.

from Australia, France, Great Britain, India, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States. The aim was mutual exchange of methods and experience, and the results were so fruitful that a committee representing France, Norway, the United States and Great Britain was appointed to consider a definite organization. As a result of its work a subcommittee drew up a constitution for a world organization of the Young Women's Christian Association which was formally accepted in 1894 by the National Associations of Great Britain, the United States, Norway and Sweden. World headquarters were established in London and an American, Miss Annie Reynolds, was called to be the first General Secretary. The first World's Conference was held in London attended by over 300 delegates from eighteen different countries.

The Y.W.C.A. was founded in the Christian faith, as shown in its constitution:

"The Young Women's Christian Association seeks to unite those young women who, regarding the Lord Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scripture, are vitally united to Him through the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, and desire to associate their efforts for the extension of His Kingdom by such means as are in accordance with the word of God."

After fifty years, members of the Y.W.C.A. all over the world thank God for the years of unbroken and increasing fellowship between Christian women of many nations and all races. They remember with gratitude the work of their pioneers and founders, their far reaching vision of the work to be done, their world-mindedness, their courage in leading the Young Women's Christian Associations into new fields of thought and action in spiritual, social, economic and industrial realms; their faithfulness in drawing together the women of all the churches in ecumenical education and effort; their trust in youth. During these fifty years national Associations have been built and strengthened; the Young Women's Christian Association has been extended to new areas, and a network of mutual service between stronger and weaker Associations has provided for extensions of work, strengthening of program and training of leadership. International cooperation within the World's Y.W.C.A. has created mutual understanding, Christian good will and bonds of fellowship which cannot be broken.

Its effort to build unity among the women of all nations and unity among the women of all the Christian faiths has made the Young Women's Christian Association a factor in the ecumenical councils of the Church.



Paul Parker Photo

Miss Ruth Rouse, President of the World's Young Women's Christian Association, pointing to Geneva, Switzerland, World's Y.W.C.A. headquarters, tells Mrs. Henry A. Ingraham, President of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America, of the Association's reconstruction program for mutual service and extension during the post-war period.

This revolutionary age requires much of the Young Women's Christian Association, born as it was in a century of women's awakening. The war-torn world demands service to women in internment camps on both sides of the conflict, to the exiles and the homeless, to the hungry children and the bewildered youth, to the widows and the orphans, to the victorious and the defeated.

As it faces the second half century in this tragic and hopeful year of jubilee the World's Young Women's Christian Association is not unmindful of the problems, the terrible suffering, the darkness, but it knows that its work will continue to be accomplished "not by might nor by power" but by God's Spirit. It knows that it has a message for the women and girls of all nations that they cannot do without. It knows that new calls to service will be calls from God and that "all God's biddings are enabling."

The Romance of Bells

Part II—The Development of Bell Music

By MARY D. CLIFTON

IT WAS about the year 900 A.D. that the Abbot of Croyland hung the first peal of bells in an English belfry. Originally only one bell was used, but later other bells were added in order to distinguish between different services. The fascination of the "weird" but pleasing sound of a number of bells, as well as the excellent exercise it afforded, soon captured the imagination of the English people and bell ringing became one of the major sports of the young noblemen of that time.

In "round ringing," as it was first called, the bells were rung one after the other from the highest tone down to the lowest, and the same round was rung over and over again. This required a man for each bell. A more interesting and different arrangement for ringing was soon devised called "change ringing," because the order of the notes was changed. It was still round ringing, with the difference that each bell must be played once but only once in each round. This gave variety to the sound of the scale, and brought about the composition of innumerable combinations.

There are one hundred and twenty ways of playing five bells, using all five in each round and each bell only once. In a peal of eight bells there are forty thousand, three hundred and twenty changes. Sometimes a group of bell ringers would ring all night in order to ring all the changes upon their particular peal of bells.

Societies of bell ringers were formed all over the country, one of the oldest being that sponsored in 1637 by Lord Brereton and Sir Clifford Clifton called the Society of College Youths. They prided themselves in performing feats of endurance and perfection, and on one occasion this Society rang fifteen thousand eight hundred and forty changes without stopping, ringing continuously for nine hours and twelve minutes. In the dedication of the bells for St. Paul's Cathedral in 1878 the bell ringers rang a thousand changes in the two hours following the services.

Some of the finest bell ringing peals in the world hang in English cathedrals. The heaviest ringing peals were at Exeter and at St. Paul's. The ring of twelve bells in Worcester is said to be the grandest peal in England. The eighteenth century was the golden age of bell ringing and it was then that England became known as the "ringing isle."

At the present time only five complete peals of bells

remain in their belfries in the city of London proper: St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Michael, Corn Hill, St. Sepulchre, Holborn, St. Botolph, Aldgate, and St. Botolph, Bishopgate. The others have either been destroyed by Nazi bombs or taken down for safe-keeping. Three of the most famous peals of bells in all London have been practically destroyed by enemy action: the Guildhall Bells of St. Lawrence Jewry, Bow Bells, and those of St. Clement Danes, though recent news indicate that St. Mary le Bow is to be rebuilt and Bow Bells restored.

The largest peal of bells in the world will hang in the Liverpool Cathedral when it is completed. These will be made by bell founders in Whitechapel established in 1570, and will be heavier than those of St. Paul's. The bourdon bell will be cast in the same pit as that in which Big Ben was made.

CHIMES

No attempt was made to play hymns or other tunes on swinging bells, for bells played in this way must be fixed and either tapped by hand or played by machinery. When a melody is played which requires as many as six or eight bells there is usually a chime barrel such as those seen in old music boxes, with the tune set by means of little pegs sticking out around the barrel. As the barrel or cylinder turns these pegs strike wires which cause certain hammers to fall upon the bell.

England has always been partial to swinging bells and change ringing. However, chimes were known in England in 1463, and since 1913 there have been thirty-one sets of chimes installed by the famous bell founders of Croydon in English churches and public buildings. Coventry Cathedral has a chime of fourteen bells with hand and automatic playing mechanism. A chime consists of any number of bells less than twenty-three, other than a ringing peal; if there are twenty-three or more it is called a carillon. Eight is the usual number of bells in a chime.

There are many sets of excellent chimes in American churches and universities, and most of these are played mechanically. The chimes in the tower of St. Michael's Church in Charleston, South Carolina, have had a most interesting history, having crossed the Atlantic five times. These bells were cast in London and hung in St. Michael's in 1764. During the Revolutionary war the British took possession of them and carried them back to England. Later they were bought by a merchant of Charleston and sent back to America. There was great rejoicing when the bells hung again in their belfry and the city had its voice back again. But in 1823 it was found that two were cracked and they were returned to England and were recast in their original molds. In 1839 they were again hung in their places and rang

in peace for more than twenty years.

It was during the Civil War that they were taken down and sent to Columbia, South Carolina, for safekeeping, but during Sherman's occupation the city was burned and the bells destroyed in the great fire. They were so loved by the people that their fragments were cherished and sent to London after the war to be recast, and this was done in the same molds in which they had been cast a hundred years before. Since then they have survived cyclones, earthquakes and fires, and still swing, uninjured, high in their steeple.

Christmas is more closely associated with bells than any other season of the year. The day is ushered in with the ecstasies of bells throughout all Christian lands. Homes are decorated with gay paper bells, tiny bells are woven into Christmas garlands, and they are printed on Christmas cards as the symbol of joy and merry-making.

Bells have been the theme of many best loved Christmas poems. Tennyson's *Christmas Eve* brings a solemn hush:

The time draws near the birth of Christ
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

In *Christmas Bells* Longfellow, always a lover of bells, makes them ring out the age-old message over and over again:

I heard the bells of Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And mild and sweet the words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"
Of "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"
Of "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"

Till ringing, swinging on its way
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"
Of "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"

In cold countries where sleighs were used the sleigh



bells added their merry jingle to the Christmas festivities. Their utilitarian purpose of warning forgotten, they became merely "musical laughter" as they chimed through the frosty air over the swift silent miles of snow.

Edgar Allan Poe, listening to these bells from his open window wrote his famous poem *The Bells*:

Hear the sledges with their bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the frosty air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With crystalline delight.

One of the most touching of the bell legends, which also lives in verse and song, and almost identical in several European countries, is that the forgotten bells—those long buried in the earth, those lost at sea, and bells that hang in deserted belfries, all ring on Christmas Day.

The Cathedral Age

CARILLONS

*At Mons there is a belfry tall
That chimes from noon to noon
At every quarter of the hour
It scatters forth a lovely shower
Of little notes that from the tower
All flutter down in tune.*

WILFRED THORLEY

In Holland the carillon is called *Klokken spel*, meaning bell play, and had its origin in the tower clocks which played a little tune mechanically before the striking of the hour. A carillon is a set of bells that includes not only the notes of the major scale but the sharps and flats as well. There are at least twenty-three bells (two complete octaves) and often twice that many. Very difficult music may be played on a carillon. In a carillon of three or four octaves the size of the bells vary from huge ones weighing several tons to small ones not over ten or fifteen pounds. The bells are placed in a high tower so that the sound will carry as far as possible. It is the music of the people, and they enjoy it as they go about their accustomed tasks, not only in the streets below but in the countryside for miles around. "They listen, look up, and find a benediction."

The carillon may be played automatically with tunes set on a revolving drum, and so regulated that these tunes will play when the clock reaches a certain time, or it may be played by hand on a large keyboard with wooden keys arranged somewhat in the order of an organ console. Each key is connected with a bell by means of a wire which raises the hammer and makes it strike the bell from the inside when the key is struck. The bells of a carillon do not swing, but are held rigid and the performer instead of playing upon the keys with his fingers strikes them with his gloved fist.

In 1562 when Peter van den Gheyn, the bell founder, put up his modest octave of four bells at Louvain, it was the beginning of great things to come in the way of bell music. Belgium and Holland became world famous for their carillons; and at one time the carillons in these two countries alone outnumbered those in all the rest of the world together, their unexcelled achievement in carillons being those in the tower of Bruges and in the Cathedrals of Antwerp and Mechlin.

All through the low countries carillon concerts have delighted the people on market days, Sundays and summer evenings for many years. The bells are played automatically for the quarter hours and longer for the hours except when the carillonneur gives a concert; then they are released from their mechanism and the hands of the musician are their master.

The carillonneur must be a man who knows the history of his town. He must interpret "the whole of the priceless moral treasure accumulated during many centuries. Success and failure, smiles and tears, illusions and realities must all find expression in the music of the belfry bells, blending in one sweet harmony. . . . There is room in the mystical life of a bell for every heart throb of the people."

In recent years other countries have followed the example of Holland and Belgium and there are excellent carillons in France, Germany, England, America and elsewhere.

The first carillon hung in England was in St. Botolph's ~~Cathedral~~, Boston, England, in 1868. The first carillon in the United States was hung in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1922. These bells were cast in England as no bell founder in America has undertaken to cast a carillon. Since that time "singing towers" have become numerous in this country. The most famous are those of Riverside Church in New York City, Mountain Lake, Florida, and Ann Arbor, Michigan. The one which hangs in Riverside Church is the largest carillon in the world. It was cast at the Croydon foundry in England and has seventy-two bells (five octaves). The largest bell weighs twenty tons and the smallest ten pounds. The second largest is that built in 1929 at Mountain Lake, Florida. This singing tower rises two hundred and five feet from the base, which is set in a paradise of semi-tropical trees and plants and flowers, and is reflected in a mirror lake. The carillon has sixty-one bells, also cast in England.

The third largest carillon is housed in the Burton Memorial Tower at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. It has fifty-three bells, the largest weighing twelve tons. These were cast in Loughborough, England. This tower in very truth is a tower of music as its first seven floors are given over as practice rooms for the music students of the University, while on the ninth is the carillonneur's study and practice room.

After the war, when bell metal is released, a beautiful and unique carillon will be installed at the Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Connecticut, through the gift of the Nestlé Company. There will be twenty-six bells, each bearing a name, a religious symbol and an appropriate inscription.

Beneath the Bell Chamber, Mr. George Stuart tells us, will be the Swiss Room twenty feet square, with significant decorations on each of the four walls. As a border near the top will run the coats of arms of the various Cantons of Switzerland. Just above the border, in se-

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Tablet Dedicated to Bishop Rhinelander

ON November 14th at four o'clock a notable service took place in St. Augustine's Chapel in the College of Preachers. This was, to the very day, the fifteenth anniversary of the dedication of the present College building. At this anniversary service a tablet was dedicated to the first Warden of the College, the Rt. Rev. Philip Mercer Rhinelander. The address, following a brief and moving Evensong Service, was made by the Rt. Rev. Noble C. Powell, Bishop of Maryland, who succeeded Bishop Rhinelander as Warden of the College. The major portion of this address is printed herewith:

We are gathered in this place which he loved and to which he gave the best of his life, a place where his spirit lives, to dedicate a tablet to the memory of Philip Mercer Rhinelander.

When we think of a life which was unconscious of boundaries and borders, where should one begin? When we consider his influence reaching out to bless where he was not personally known, where should one end his story? And this is true because Bishop Rhinelander was essentially a pioneer in the realm of the mind and the spirit. Nowhere is this more evident than in the fashioning of this College. I should like to read to you from a letter which came to Mrs. Rhinelander from the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He wrote: "It was with the greatest sorrow that I read the news of the Bishop's death. Like so many others, I have lost a real friend. Anyone who has visited the College of Preachers must realize how great is the debt which the Church owes to him for the launching of that splendid institution. And before that, there was his great episcopate."

When and where the College of Preachers was born I do not know. I have heard several claims made regarding its parentage, and I have had several places pointed out as the spot of its birth. But does this matter at all? Here it is. We know that back of it was the training school in the clergy house of St. Mark's Pro-Cathedral on Capitol Hill where a young deacon sat at the feet of Bishop Satterlee. There were the days when that same young man was a teacher at The Episcopal Theological School. There were those crowded days as diocesan bishop in a great metropolitan See when the crushing burden of the care of all the churches was on his shoulders and he knew the longings and the needs of his clergy. Then came days of retirement — days wherein his greatest work was to be done.

Bishop Rhinelander knew the Church, and he knew the vital importance of strong, informed, alert leader-

ship. A generous gift was secured by him and from its income came the funds which made it possible to hold the first "June Conference." These were held for several years. Then came the great gift of Alexander Smith Cochran which built the present College. Now means were available to do what had never been done before. A little group was called together. It met several times and for several days at a time in the Cathedral Library. Those who were there just thought out loud and what they thought was tried in the fires of free and open discussion. Out of those meetings finally came what we today know as the College of Preachers.

Bishop Rhinelander was essentially a schoolmaster. Those of us who knew him here in the College can see him now, standing before the fireplace in the Common Room, his keen eyes fixed on some far horizon, his face as intent as that of some hunter hot on the trail. He loved the interplay of many minds. He wanted every man to have his say, for he wanted to know what was going on in every head. He was a master of interrogation, not just to secure an answer, but also to set his hearers off on some new road. His concern about the individual member of a conference was often shown in a very lovely way. The bell would ring for a meal. He would lead the way into the refectory and, as if quite by accident, the very one he wanted to draw out further, found himself beside the Warden. I have watched him at this trick and have been amused to see how perfectly it always worked—on *me* as well as others!

His reverence for the Church and his devotion to it are too well known to justify anything more than a word to recall it to our minds. For him the Church was in deed and truth the Body of Christ, the extension of the Incarnation. He had been called to a place and part in that Body, not as an owner, but as a steward, and it behooved him to be faithful in minute detail to his stewardship. I have seen men surprised at the passion of his conviction; sometimes they were puzzled, but all respected him, and it is safe to say they left this place with a deeper conception of the importance of the Church in contemporary life.

It is his life of devotion to His Lord that we shall remember longest and treasure most. This Chapel was the heart and center of the life of the College. This was the Throne Room of the Eternal God. And no man entered and remained unconscious of the fact. There were many services each day. They could so easily have been dull, a tedious routine. But not with the Warden in his place. When he said: "The Lord is in His holy

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First Lady of Vermont Becomes State Regent

The Women's Committee of The National Cathedral Association is proud to add to its long list of able workers the name of Mrs. William H. Wills as State Regent for Vermont. Long before her husband became Governor, Mrs. Wills was widely known in Vermont through the numerous organizations to which she gave liberally of her time and leadership. To mention only a few, she was president for five years of the Vermont Branch of the Women's Auxiliary of the Episcopal Church, president of the Vermont Branch of the American Association of University Women, served as a member of the State Board of Directors of the Young Women's Christian Association, the State Library Commission, chairman of the State Recreation Committee, an active member of the Vermont Federation and of the Northeast Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Wills' charming graciousness combined with a deep interest in present day problems and needs, have made her an outstanding and beloved First Lady of Vermont. She has travelled throughout the state with her husband, shared in many discussions with people representing a cross-section of interests, beliefs and occupations.

Although urged to run for re-election, Gov. Wills refused, and after January, 1945, when his term expires, they will return to their home in Bennington. Mrs. Wills is most enthusiastic about returning to their home, when, free from "official" demands on her time, she can give much of her energy to the organizations which claim her interest. The N. C. A. is fortunate to be one of them.



Mrs. William H. Wills

Mrs. Wills is a graduate of Middlebury College where she took a leading part in student affairs. She and Gov. Wills have one daughter, Anne Kimball, a graduate of the University of Vermont, and now an executive secretary for the American Red Cross in Montpelier.

The Cathedral family welcomes Mrs. Wills to its circle and feels certain that through her leadership and guidance, the number of Cathedral friends in Vermont will be greatly increased.

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Herbs in Wartime England

By CORA A. HARRIS

"TEA at Oxford and a walk through the gardens" was the afternoon program for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace tour, of which I was a privileged member, on the 30th of July, 1927. The very thought of such an intimate association with the historic university afforded a spirit of exhilaration!

Looking beyond the exotic color found in English gardens, was a group of unobtrusive, grey-green plants tucked away in a corner near the Oxford wall. They grew in such a humble fashion; so characteristic of herbs! At this moment I became imbued with the desire to grow these useful and delightfully fragrant little plants—an inspiration which was fulfilled in 1938 when I spent a day browsing around in the Cottage Herb Garden at Washington Cathedral, selecting my first herb volume and initial plants.

Avidity for knowledge led me to Montreal where a group of garden club officials discussed the imperative need for growing herbs; making the public cognizant of the approaching herb shortage and inspiring gardeners to plant a few herbs in Victory Gardens, were the goals to be achieved in this new program.

From this meeting it was learned that England needed herb seeds. The need was more serious than ever before because herbs were necessary for "tasteless" food. The scarcity of herb seeds was corroborated in a pamphlet, *The Bulletin*, published monthly by the Women's Services for Civil Defense, 41 Tothill Street, London, England, of which the Queen is President, The Dowager Marchioness of Reading is Chairman, and Mrs. G. H. Dunbar is head of the Overseas Department. The birth of this organization, consisting of more than one million members, is said to be due to the vivid and sympathetic imagination and courageous will of Dowager Lady Stella Reading.

Lady Reading, whose salads are "notoriously delicious," was one of the first women in England to recognize the great part that herbs would play in wartime cooking. Her efforts helped to make many thousands of women in her country herb conscious. Of her garden, she writes, "I am very thrilled with my own herb garden. Three years ago it was the village dump heap, a mound of rusting cans, broken bottles and other horrors. I managed to clear away all that and to make beds, and I had a lovely time standing on my head planting all the different things I could lay my hands on. Now the garden looks as though it has been there for centuries. I have a glorious time drying off the different herbs in my linen cupboard, and making any visitors who come and stay with me sift whatever is dry through sieves, colanders and anything else I can find."

Lady Reading believes that the increased use of herbs during wartime will continue in the days of peace. Among the favorite culinary herbs in Great Britain are tarragon, fennel, dill, marjoram, mints, sage and sweet basil. She says that there are many "bold" spirits who have blazed the trail and have used a great quantity of herbs in all sorts of exotic ways. They have encouraged their friends and neighbors to do the same with very pleasurable results. But there is still a small group to be won on the herb side; those who are "hidebound"

in tradition of a lifetime, who look suspiciously at ingredients bearing unfamiliar names!

During the Christmas season of 1943, the following letter was received from Mrs. Dunbar of the Overseas Department:

"We appreciate your dried herbs and seeds more and more every day as our meals become more and more tasteless. Your lovely present has benefited so very many people in this organization. We doled out supplies of the lovely dried herbs you sent over to the heads of our twelve regions, so that there is not a single part of England on this Christmas Day which is not enjoying the fruits of your labors."

Practically every county in England has a County Herb Committee, each of which has a secretary. The committees organize the collection of culinary and medicinal herbs, as well as the collection of rose hips. Obtaining drying quarters is one of their most difficult jobs. Disused greenhouses, laundries, sheds or bakehouses are adapted for this purpose. Another problem is getting an adequate supply of herbs regularly.

Last season Mrs. Dunbar informed me that the collection of wild plants for herb drying was undertaken on a large scale. On two occasions consignments came to the drying sheds in such quantities that they were almost too large to handle.

The hardest part of the herb collecting and drying is that done in the heat of the drying room, usually during hot summer days. In one district the W.V.S. called in the Home Guard on night duty to help in the drying room, while in another district the local W.V.S., the Women's Institutes and schools arranged to gather foxglove leaves which were collected "everywhere." Mrs. Dunbar's organization did the drying and packing.

Gardening is no enigma to Mrs. Dunbar, whose "green fingers" must be the envy of many British gardeners. The Head of the Overseas Department admits that although she is sometimes forced to plant at the wrong time or even in the wrong place, she still gets results!

According to information received in a recent copy of *The Bulletin*, plants to which most importance is attached this year are Deadly Nightshade, Male Fern root, Foxglove leaf and seed, Meadow Saffron seed and root and rose hips. The bulbs of Meadow Saffron are needed as a specific against gout. This is a rare plant and becoming rarer as it is being ploughed up by farmers.

Rose hips are valuable for Vitamin C content and it is hoped that the collection of 1944 will exceed one thousand tons. Five

(Continued on page 39)





All Hallows Guild

*Wayside Cross, the
Bishop's Garden,
Washington Cath-
edral.*

THE BISHOP'S GARDEN GIVES NEW HOPE

By JOSEPHINE G. KNOWLTON, *Chairman, the Garden Committee*

BEFORE the sun rises in the east and touches the tops of the trees on the wooded slope beneath the Cathedral, the Bishop's Garden is filled with the activity of small animals and birds. Rabbits scurry along, squirrels teach their young to jump from limb to limb, chipmunks dart here and there and box turtles look for the early worm. Fish come from under the pond lily leaves and the birds sing their anthems. Buds that are ready to bloom push open their petals with the coming of full sunlight, and the tired blossoms breathe their last; they seem to know they will not survive another day. Under ground, young plants struggle to the surface or retire to rest for another season.

Many people who love nature deeply, want to see the Bishop's Garden in all its early morning beauty. The dew still glistens on the flowers giving them a special charm they cannot keep all day. The birds sing a song of welcome—the garden belongs to them. A lilting sound is heard from the fountain as the water drops into the basin below. The human voice would be a discord were it to sound above a whisper. The ears being satisfied, the eyes drink in the beauty that unfolds at each turn of the path, and now the nostrils inhale the sweet and spicy fragrances of herbs and boxwood and flowers—exhilaration for mortals and the gods.

A young girl enters the garden during the day. Her husband is far away in the service of his country. She is lonely. Here she finds old friends, familiar things she has known always—birds and flowers. They rest her soul and she feels near her loved one. The rush of the city is shut out, her thoughts turn to hope of the future and in her heart is peace for the moment.

A man happens to pause at the gate. He glances at his watch—he must hurry to an important engagement.

He walks through the garden noticing little as he goes, his thoughts are filled with other matters. Yet, that evening in his home, or while waiting for a friend, or perhaps on a train, he remembers those few moments of quiet and wishes to return. He felt what his eyes failed to see.

The garden fills one with fresh thoughts, a new perspective and greater hope if only one can understand its quiet language. Let us care for and preserve the Garden's beauty. Remember what it holds for others and for you, too, if you will only open your heart to it. Let the birds be heard and the flowers' fragrance fill the air. Look for the beautiful message it brings you. At the end of the day when our furred and feathered friends take over, may they say to each other—*this has been a good day in the garden.*

The Executive Committee of All Hallows Guild met October 6, with a full attendance. A report was made on the excellent sales of the new illustrated history of the Garden and the postal cards, arranged by the Garden Committee. These may be ordered from the Cottage Herb Shop or directly from All Hallows Guild.

A large Colonial lantern from the home of Dr. James Clark, physician and close friend of George Washington, has been given to the Guild for the Cottage Herb Shop.

An exhibition of the colored slides of the Bishop's Garden was given in the summer at the Oceanside Hotel, Magnolia, Mass. "It was truly a cooperative venture," explained Mrs. Charles Warren, Guild President, "and aroused much local interest. The Hotel Manager contributed the use of the theatre and screen, the Gloucester Fishermen's Institute loaned the projector, which was 'fetched and carried' by members of the Village Church, and the announcement posters were contributed by Mrs. Otis Ellery Taylor, donor of the little garden *Hortulus* and similar memorials. Many others contributed to the success of the occasion."

Across the Warden's Desk

THE life of the College of Preachers is not often newsworthy—in the journalistic sense of the word. No world-shaking pronouncements issue from its seminars and lectures. Quietly, week by week, groups of clergy gather, live together in an atmosphere of talk on high matters, and then return to their homes. Even the sermons preached in the score of churches represented at a conference may not immediately evidence miracles of inspiration. But, in ways not obvious, new insights have been discovered, fresh courage gained, and the virtue of Christian humility emphasized.

We who watch conference groups come and go, often wish that the rich wisdom of the leaders could find a wider audience. We ought to encourage each lecturer to write a book—in laymen's language. We did invite our first leader of the Fall Term, Dean William H. Nes of Christ Church Cathedral, New Orleans, to write briefly on his topic, "Preaching the Apocalypse."

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN

By THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM H. NES, D.D., D.C.L.

The Revelation of St. John does not deserve the neglect—one might almost say the frightened or even contemptuous neglect—which it generally receives, except from the fundamentalist revival preachers. It certainly ought not to be left to the exploitation of ignorance.

The book was written for Christians at a time of persecution. These Christians were compelled to communicate with one another by secret journalism. They constituted a kind of "underground" in the Roman Empire. Hence the language used in the book is veiled language. Rome is never mentioned directly. It is called Babylon instead. Contemporary readers would have understood most such allusions at once. And if a modern reader looks for the larger themes of the book, and does not try to identify each detail, the structure and the great message of the book come clear.

The Revelation of St. John contains a Christian philosophy or theology of history—a view of time and eternity, of judgment and salvation, which is applicable to all times.

The book is Apocalypse—that is, it contains a hidden meaning. It has to do with crisis. It thinks of history in pictures of storm and stress. It sees beyond process to meaning, and it perceives beneath the events of time the impact of an eternal reality. One may not try to transpose all this turbulent, picturesque, imaginative thought into some other key. The book does not sympathize with that philosophy of history which sees the world moving towards an earthly utopia. On the contrary, the Apocalypse sees the historical process as one of increasingly violent conflict during which evil, although changing its form, becomes ever more sinister while the good, always embattled, is victorious only through witness and resurrection. In a word, history is the revelation of judgment: the city of God is over against Babylon; the throne of God over against the throne of the beast; Michael and his army over against the devil and his host. The best interpretation of the book is that it is a poetic expansion, enriched by copious Biblical allusion and couched in imagery drawn from a large apocalyptic literature, of our Lord's own discourse recorded in Mark XIII, Matthew XXIV, and Luke XXI.

The first section of the book is a prophecy to the seven churches which the writer knew best. Our Lord, Who is judge of the earth, is also judge of the Church. The characteristics of these seven churches would doubtless have been those of any other seven churches. In some, more than others, there were things to be commended; in all, there were things to be corrected. The dangers which threatened them were external persecution, and internally the invasion of ideas and practices drawn from Gentile mystery-religions, on the one hand, and a reaction towards Judaism on the other, to say nothing of deterioration in Christian life and zeal. The qualities of those seven churches take on a universal import because they may be found in the Church anywhere at any time.

What were the dangers of the Church in the days when the Revelation of St. John was written? They are the same dangers which the Church faces at all times—a conflict with the secular world and conflicts within the Church itself. The outward conflict is natural and to be expected, and is usually understood by Christians. The internal dangers are less obvious and therefore more insidious. In the Apocalypse these internal dangers are described as heresy, schism and moral relaxation of Christian life. Of these again schism and moral sloth are readily understood. The third—heresy—has caused most difficulty. Yet as the Revelation of St. John describes them these heresies are mainly owing to two contrasted tendencies, always present in Christianity. On the one hand the Church is tempted to turn itself into a legalistic institution. It would then resemble the Judaistic Church of the time of our Lord. On the other hand, the Church is greatly in danger of over-spiritualization. This means a depreciating of the body and of the material world and a consequent flight either into asceticism or into such a contempt of the body as to neglect morals entirely. In other words, the Church must neither flee the world nor surrender to the world. It must be the Body of Christ in the world, fulfilling a missionary function. This means that it must lead the life of the Kingdom of Heaven in the midst of social and this-worldly entanglements and implications.

In the fourth and fifth chapters, Christians are given a picture of the eternal worship of God, first in an exclusively Old Testament imagery and then in terms of an idealized Eucharist, as the worship of the Lamb. This is to be their comfort and recourse as they face the imperial persecution. But in the world they must have tribulation: and in the visions of the Seals, Trumpets, and Bowls they are shown the stages in which evil manifests itself and moves toward inevitable judgment.

In this book, as in a heroic tone-poem, themes of somber tragedy and inspiring grandeur are interwoven, melodies of idyllic peace alternate with clashing passages for the brasses, the drums and the cymbals.

The Revelation was a "tract for the times" when it was written. It is one today. Ours is a turbulent, confused time, obsessed with the inscrutability of human destiny. The nineteenth-century dream of progress towards a golden age is almost completely passed. History now appears to an increasing number of people as mere change. The destiny of man here and hereafter must be illuminated by authentic prophecy, and prophecy is never prose. We live in an Apocalyptic age, and if we let this book speak to us through its own vocabulary and imagery, and if we read it with imagination, its message will become clear. It speaks of the eternal meaning of human history; it speaks of cosmic order and the unfrustrated victory.

St. Albans Graduates—Killed, Missing, Decorated

Captain Ripley Buckingham, M. C. and attached to the U. S. Army, St. Albans '31, was killed by a Japanese sniper on August 18, one day before his 32nd birthday. He was on duty in China, but no further word has been received. He was married in Washington Cathedral by Canon James Henderson in 1941 and is survived by his wife, his mother and father. Capt. Buckingham, an only son, was graduated from Norwich University '35 and The George Washington University Medical School, '41 (See *Three Staff Members Memorialized*, p. 38).

Captain John Lawrence Wilner, U. S. Army, St. Albans '37 and Harvard University '41, was killed in action in France on August 15. He was a tank Commander and participated in D-Day landings. Captain Wilner is survived by his mother, father, two brothers, his wife and five month old daughter. While at St. Albans he was center on the varsity football team.

Pvt. Robert Phelps Saunders, U. S. Army (Infantry), St. Albans '34 and Yale '38, was killed in action on June 4 during the drive on Rome. He was awarded the Purple Heart posthumously. He is survived by his wife and father. Previous to his death Pvt. Saunders' wife received a letter from his Company Commander stating that he "wished to take this opportunity to let you know what splendid work Pvt. Saunders has been doing on the Anzio Beachhead. He always has evidenced fine leadership and personal courage. He is liked and respected and has the confidence of all the men in the Company. During these trying days we need men of his calibre and it is a pleasure to acknowledge the splendid work he has done."

T/Sgt. Eric Gustave Danielson, Jr., Army Air Corps, St. Albans '38, reported missing in the Summer CATHEDRAL AGE, 1944, is now reported a German prisoner.

Capt. Frederick Dunstan Wright, Engineer Corps of the U. S. Army, St. Albans '33, Haverford College, Harvard University '38 and degree in Mining Engineering from Columbia University, is a German prisoner. He was captured on June 30, 1944, while on a reconnaissance trip, having had dinner with his wife the previous evening. He was Operations Officer of an engineer combat battalion which received a presidential citation for heroism at Cassino. His wife is stationed at an evacuation hospital with the 7th Army in France.

Capt. Terrence MacFarlane Williams, Army Air Corps, St. Albans '39, Carleton College and University of South Dakota '43, mentioned in THE CATHEDRAL AGE, Summer, 1944, was downed by German flak over Holland and is now a German prisoner. Members of his Pursuit Squadron hovered over his plane until they saw him bail out. He now holds the Air Medal with three Oak Leaves and the D.F.C.

Lt. Charles Stone Borden, Army Air Corps, St. Albans '39, Harvard University '42, has been reported missing since Aug. 15, 1944. His citations include the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as pilot of a B-25 type aircraft in attacks upon installations in Italy on July 13 and 31, 1944. On the date of his last mission Lt. Borden flew as co-pilot in an attack upon a very heavily defended target in France. His aircraft was severely damaged while over the target, but was able to keep in formation. Soon after reaching the sea it caught fire

and three parachutes were seen to open. One of these three men returned for duty, but nothing is known about the remainder of the crew. Lt. Borden had flown more than twenty combat missions.

George Barnett Trible, Jr., Ensign, U.S.N.R., has been reported lost at sea as of October. His ship and station can not be mentioned at this time. He graduated from St. Albans in 1940 and from Yale University, by acceleration, in 1943.



Capt. Ripley Buckingham



Capt. John L. Wilner



Pvt. Robert Phelps
Saunders



Capt. Frederick D. Wright



Lt. Charles Stone Borden



Ensign George Barnett
Trible, Jr.

Christmas, 1944

Capt. Henry Shippen Huidekoper, U.S.M.C.R., St. Albans '39, whose decorations were reported in **THE CATHEDRAL AGE**, Easter, 1944, has since been awarded the Presidential Citation with Star.

Volunteer Richard Bayly Winder, IV, St. Albans '39, Haverford College, 'X43, is a member of the American Field Service. He has served three years, both with the American and British Field Service in Arabia and Italy. He is entitled to wear the Oak Leaf Emblem, a British Army recognition of his bravery under fire. The citation reads: "BY THE KING'S ORDER the name of Volunteer R. Bayly Winder, IV, American Field Service, was placed on record on 24 August, 1944, as mentioned in a Despatch for distinguished service. I am charged to express his Majesty's high appreciation. Signed, J. H. Grigg, Secretary State for War." He told the Headmaster of St. Albans that he had counted over 300 bullet holes and shell fragment holes in his ambulance before he "got tired of counting." He was slightly wounded in the Italian drive.

Pfc. Edward Lee Bowie, U. S. Army, St. Albans '44, was graduated by acceleration in '43. While at St. Albans he was President of the Fifth Form. He was wounded on the Gothic Line in September, 1944, we hope not seriously. He has been awarded the Purple Heart.

Staff Sgt. William Leake Terry, Army Air Corps, St. Albans '41, was a student at Princeton University until his enlistment. He is waist gunner on an American Fortress and has

been awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, in addition to the Distinguished Flying Cross. The citation for the latter reads: "Sgt. Terry has flown in attacks on installations in Berlin, on aircraft plants in Brunswick, Leipzig and Munich, synthetic oil plants at Brux and Madgeburg, on 'flying bomb' sites in the Calais area, on communications in the Paris area, and on many other military targets in Nazi-controlled Europe."

Lt. Col. Russell Allan Cone, Army Air Corps, St. Albans '23, University of Illinois '27, has been an Air Officer in the Alaskan Department, including the Aleutians through March 8, 1944. Up to that time Col. Cone had flown 15 combat and 20 patrol missions, winning the Distinguished Flying Cross. Among his other accomplishments was the sinking of the 6,700-ton Japanese cargo vessel, the *Nissan Maru*. It is probable that he also destroyed two Japanese Zero float fighters.

Lt. Com. Alexander Robertson Middleton, USNR, was Athletic Director and an instructor at St. Albans School from Sept. 1930 until June 1942. He is now on duty at an Iowa Pre-Flight School, having previously served as ship's athletic officer, as well as assuming the responsibilities of Fly Two and a gun battery, aboard a great modern *Flat Top*. He received a Special Citation: "You are hereby commended for performance of duty as Fly Two Officer while attached to the U.S.S. _____ during action against Japanese airplanes off New Britain on 11 Nov. 1943, as follows: 'For the steady, courageous manner in which you conducted your duties as Fly Two Officer during the action in which the U.S.S. _____ was engaged with the Japanese Air Force off Rabaul, New Britain, on 11 November 1943. You set a splendid example to the flight deck crews during the launching, handling and securing of planes on the flight deck, both before and while the U.S.S. _____ was undergoing heavy dive bombing, torpedo and strafing attacks. Your conduct was in all respects in keeping with the best traditions of the Naval Service.'"

With pride we SALUTE
you, brave Albanians!



Lt. Com. Alexander Robertson Middleton



Vol. Richard Bayley Winder, IV



Pfc. Edward Lee Bowie



S. Sgt. William Leake Terry



Lt. Col. R. A. Cone

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The Cathedral Age

Washington Cathedral Chronicles

Three Staff Members Memorialized

The Cathedral Staff met in the Bethlehem Chapel on the morning of September 20th to remember before God those who had once served the Cathedral and who had given their lives in the service of our country. The service consisted of a brief portion of the Burial Office in addition to the Holy Communion. Canon Smith, Celebrant, read the names of those who had made the supreme sacrifice.

Porter Davis had been active at St. Alban's Church on the Cathedral close before joining the staff in the Christmas Card Department, where he was well liked by all who knew him. For a time he served as a chorister at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York and attended the Choir School there. Before his untimely death he was awarded the Purple Heart.

Bob Dunlop was a genial lad who was esteemed by the Cathedral office staff. He was in charge of the mail and stock rooms and, after his induction into the Army, he frequently returned to the Cathedral during furloughs. At first he was reported severely wounded and the later notification of his death came as a great shock to his many friends.

The third member was a former choir boy, Ripley Buckingham, whose mother was Choir Mother of the Cathedral some years ago. Ripley was a fine lad and popular with the staff and his fellow students at St. Albans School.

Canterbury Librarian Writes

Very many thanks for your kind thought in sending us the form of Consecration of the new Bishop of Washington, together with your Diocesan Magazine and *THE CATHEDRAL AGE*. These will be preserved among similar records in our Library, which is at present installed in the Crypt of the Cathedral, the Germans having destroyed our Library building with one of their bombs. In return, I am sending you a copy of the form of service at the funeral of Archbishop Temple on Tuesday, October 31, at which your Bishops of Albany and Southern Ohio were present. These two Bishops each preached in the Cathedral here last Sunday week, and the Bishop of Albany administered at the Communion service at 8:00 and celebrated.

I remember meeting Bishop Leonard of Ohio many years ago. He stayed in our house at Canterbury for the great service in the Cathedral at one of the Pan-Anglican Lambeth Conferences. Another of your Bishops, Rhinelander, was up at Christ Church, Oxford with me between 1895 and 1898.

Yours sincerely,

W. P. BLORE,
Librarian, Canterbury.

Funeral for Field Marshal

On Nov. 8 at 2 p.m., the burial service for Field Marshal Sir John Dill, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., was held in Washington Cathedral. Interment followed at Arlington National Cemetery. General George C. Marshall read the lesson.

The honorary pall-bearers included: Air Commodore Findlay, Air Vice Marshal Willock, General Letson, Admiral Waller, General Somervell, Air Marshal Williams, General Macready, General Arnold, Admiral Somerville, Admiral King, General Marshall and Admiral Leahy.

(Continued on page 41)

Form of Testamentary Disposition

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I give and bequeath to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation of the District of Columbia, a body corporate, the sum of _____ dollars.

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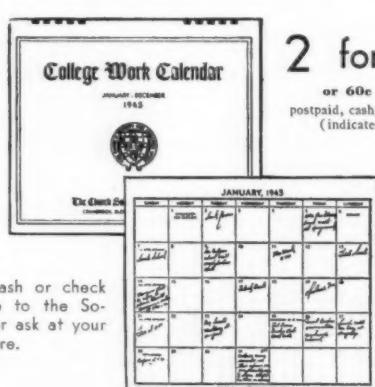
I give and devise to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation of the District of Columbia, a body corporate, and its successors, forever

(In the District of Columbia and in most of the States, a will bequeathing personal property or devising real estate should be signed by the testator and attested and subscribed in his presence by at least two credible witnesses. In a few states three witnesses are required.)

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Christmas, 1944

Herbs in Wartime England

(Continued from page 33)

hundred tons were collected in 1943 and that amount produced approximately two and one-half million six-ounce bottles of rose hip syrup. This syrup is given to children and invalids throughout the country. England is stressing the need for rose hips because of the scarcity of fruit and green vegetables. The preservation of the valuable vitamin C can only be kept by the most scientific factory methods. Each of the chosen factories that produce rose hip syrup are under the supervision of experts. Hips are gathered from all wild and garden single roses, Rosa Mollis, Dog Roses, Sweet Briars and others.

"The Ministry of Food" says Mrs. Dunbar, "has arranged that every child under five receive regular supplies of rose hip syrup or orange juice when it is obtainable and W.V.S. have been co-operating by seeing that the children really do get it." Mrs. Dunbar also writes that there is hardly a woman who is not covered with scratches at the end of the summer from gathering rose hips, which must be picked just when they are beginning to turn color until fully red. Rose hips are also used in preparing delectable jam, savoury soup, sweet sauce for puddings, cold puddings and hip tea.

Our warmest Christmas greetings are sent across the sea to the courageous British women who have done such a superb job in herb collecting and drying, and who help in emergency feeding, evacuation and billeting, distribution of clothing, mobile canteens, the care of children and scores of other important war duties.

The greatest reward for these tired women will surely come with the refreshing days of spring when the exquisite English countryside will beckon them to go again into their war-torn gardens, where they will work silently and without fear of bombs, finding it to be a panacea for all sorrow. They will learn again the meaning of "God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."

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Romance of Bells

(Continued from page 30)

quence, will be a list of events which have marked the history of the Confederation. On two walls, in the four languages of Switzerland, will be blazoned writings depicting spiritual and political achievements of the Swiss people.

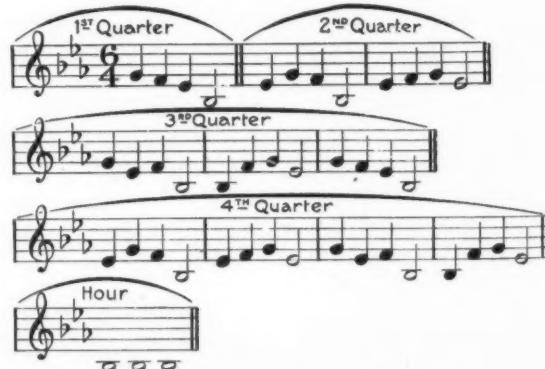
"THE HOURS SING"

It was in Verona in the ninth century that weight driven clocks were invented, and in 1325 Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, made the first clock with bell ringing mechanism. Automatic figures, afterwards known as *Jacks* in England, struck the bell on the hour. This striking arrangement was very popular during the middle ages, and marked the time before dials were known. Two armored knights with battle axes used to strike the hours at Wells Cathedral.

The oldest tower clock in England was in use in 1288; and the large clock bell at Notre Dame, in Paris, was cast in 1682. The most famous clock bell in the world is Big Ben in the Tower of the Houses of Parliament, London, England. It was named in honor of Sir Benjamin Hall, and its first casting took place in the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. In the spring of 1925 Big Ben was heard in New York for the first time by radio, as it struck the midnight hour.

The four bells of the Metropolitan Tower in New York City are known as the world's highest bells, being six hundred and fifty feet above the ground. The hours are sounded on a seven thousand pound bell with an impact of two hundred pounds and may be heard many miles away.

Both the clock in the tower of the Houses of Parliament and the Metropolitan tower clock ring the famous Cambridge Quarters below.



Christmas, 1944

Washington Cathedral Chronicles

(Continued from page 38)

Annual Creche Service

The traditional Cathedral Creche service will be held in the Children's Chapel, December 22 at 4 o'clock. Friends of Washington Cathedral are invited to bring their children. At left Paula and Patricia, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Berkeley and grandchildren of James P. Berkeley, senior verger, are placing figures around the manger.

Former Editor in New Guinea

Greetings were recently received by the Cathedral staff from Capt. Alfred G. Stoughton, former editor of *THE CATHEDRAL AGE*, now with an engineer corps in New Guinea. He sent along an Order of Service prepared by their Chaplain with the notation: "Yes, the Army moves with a mimeo machine. Even out here where we live on C and K rations, paper work does go on." Good luck!



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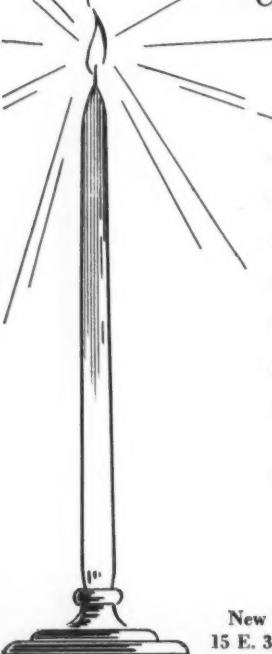
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Christmas, 1944

Rhinelander Tablet

(Continued from page 31)

temple; let all the earth keep silence before him," somehow it was not a "call to worship" but a statement of fact, and before that fact the heart stood still that God might speak. When, at Intercessions, he would say "Let us pray," there was nothing else to do but *pray*, for the door of the holy of holies was opened and our eyes could see the glory within. When he, the priest, stood before the Altar and said, "Lift up your hearts," it was indeed a dull and earthbound heart which was not lifted up to behold the King in His beauty.

The day at the College was, and is, a long day crowded with energy-consuming effort. At its close is Compline. I see him now, The Warden—and he will always be *The Warden*—in those early June conferences, leading us across the Close to the Little Sanctuary. I hear again the timbre of his voice, the quick intake of his breath, as he read from the fourth psalm: "Know this also, that the Lord hath chosen to himself the man that is godly." It was a time of judgment. And when he closed, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou Lord, only, that maketh me dwell in safety," one felt sure that, whatever might befall, un-

derneath were the everlasting arms. I rarely, if ever, read the service of Compline and come to the last Collect, "Give us light in the night season, we beseech thee, O Lord," without recalling vividly his inflection. It was as though the whole of his life was spread before him in a flash, and above and beyond it all stood his Lord, hands outstretched, assuring him that he would "come in peace and safety to the waking of the great day."

In him that light for which he prayed glowed with a beauty which made men love him, even when they did not understand him; made them trust him, even when they differed. And that light still shines, not here alone where we keep tryst with his hopes and labors, but its flame has gone out to the ends of the earth.

Here today, we dedicate a stone. In it is carved the name of a man. For us who knew him in the flesh, strong memories are stirred. For others, yet to kneel here in the Presence of God, may the stone and the name be a key which will enable them to understand that it was the spirit of a man who trod untravelled ways in search for Truth, who found it rich and full and free in Jesus Christ, who labored to make others see this Truth, accept it as their own, and tell it far and wide.

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Cathedrals Serve Red Cross

(Continued from page 22)

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Leyte, Philippines. Staff Sergeant Robert Lippman, Holyoke, Mass., unpacking 2" x 2" surgical sponges at a beachhead aid station. The boxes were sent by Red Cross chapters in Oakland and San Francisco, California; and Tucson, Arizona. Those from San Francisco may have been produced in Grace Cathedral.



American Red Cross Photo

workshops that are busy as much as 80 hours from Sunday through Saturday, and no one will dispute the statement that the Red Cross has been able to supply our armed forces with hundreds of millions of surgical dressings only because of the wholehearted spirit of co-operation displayed on the part of churches, cathedrals, their officers and membership, who so generously made their facilities and services available.

Typical of what many churches are doing from coast to coast are the Red Cross activities that go on within the sheltering walls of Grace Cathedral, San Francisco. Thousands upon thousands of surgical dressings have been produced by volunteer workers who meet within the Cathedral close. They have been sent forth on their errands of mercy to Guadalcanal, to Tarawa, and to the Philippines to help bind the wounds and assuage the suffering of our fighting men.

But surgical dressings are not the sole Red Cross activity going on within the confines of Grace Cathedral. The Cathedral has organized a special disaster relief unit, and has also made its facilities available for Red Cross classes in home nursing and first aid. Members of the Episcopalian Altar Guild, meeting as a special production unit, make Altar cloths, banners and purificators, which are distributed by the Red Cross Camp and Hospital Council to chaplains bound for overseas service.

At the other extreme of continental United States is Portland, Maine. There in the State Street Parish House of St. Luke's Cathedral has been established one of the subsidiary blood donor centers, which is visited periodically by a mobile blood collecting unit operating



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Christmas, 1944

out of Boston. In this connection it is of interest that of the total of 58 such subsidiary centers visited by Red Cross mobile blood-collecting units in that area, 31 are set up either in church property or in halls connected directly with church organizations.

The Red Cross Blood Donor Service has met a similar response wherever else it is operating, one report stating "church authorities everywhere have been most cooperative." The report further stated that there were no cases in which the Red Cross was refused the use of church property, and that in almost every city or town visited by mobile units several churches offered their facilities for use. The report ended with the following: "On the whole, we have found the church set-ups the best of any."

Other Episcopal churches cooperating in the blood donor program in the Boston area are Grace Church in North Attleboro, Mass., Christ Church in Fitchburg, Mass., and Christ Church in Westerly, R. I.

Episcopal churches in Buffalo, as elsewhere, are active in furthering Red Cross work, providing classrooms for Red Cross instruction courses, and facilities for production of knitted and sewn garments and other articles. In Manhattan and the Bronx, of the 94 churches having Red Cross production units, 12 are Episcopal, while in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, the same cooperation exists.

By its contribution of facilities and the participation of its membership in Red Cross activities the Church is giving many non-members an opportunity of performing the kind of Christian service for which it has always stood.



JANUARY 14-31



Children's Chapel

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The Cathedral Age

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